Saturday Review

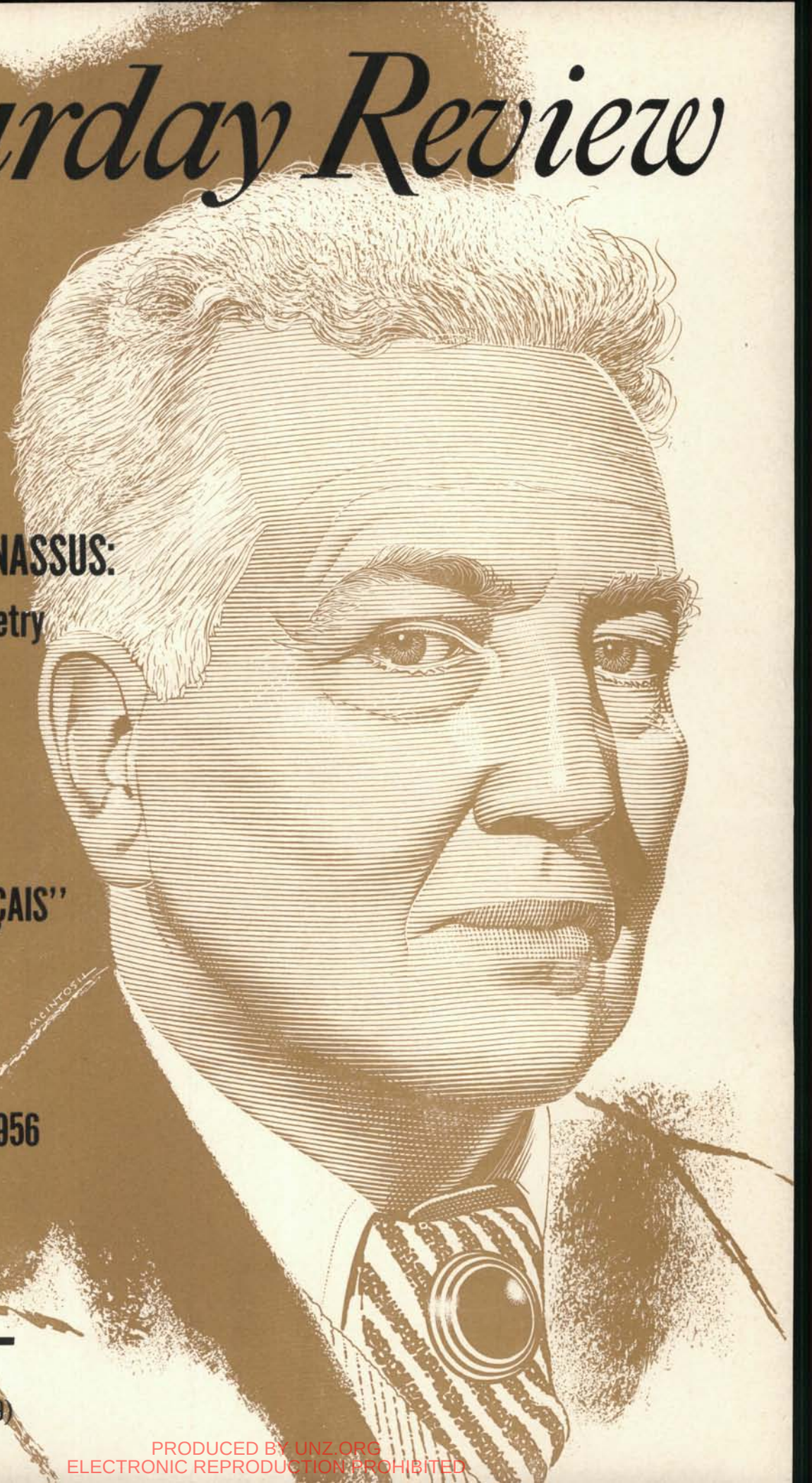
ULY 28, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

OVERTY ON PARNASSUS:
he Economics of Poetry
y John Ciardi

CHUMANN AND
ES MUSICIENS FRANÇAIS"
y Robert Casadesus

AZZ AT NEWPORT: 1956
y Whitney Balliett



bert Graves, author of
e Crowning Privilege." (Page 9)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Set Sail— for other places, other times!

THE BROOK KERITH
A REISSUE

Once again, George Moore's great twentieth-century classic is back in print. A daringly original novel of the life of Christ, *The Brook Kerith* deals with Jesus' youth in the Essene brotherhood, his friendship with John the Baptist, the years of his ministry, his rescue from the Cross by Joseph of Arimathea and his dramatic meeting with Paul. A work of consummate artistry by a master of English prose.

George Moore $3.95

A HISTORY OF TURKEY

Once the "sick man of Europe" Turkey is now the pillar of Western civilization in the Middle East today. This concise history explains Turkey's phenomenal past, the influence of Russia, the spread of Islam, the Ottoman Empire, the revolution under Ataturk and various phases of modern life. " . . . adds an important dimension to our understanding of the subject." *New York Times*

M. Phillips Price *Illustrated* $4.50

ISLANDS IN DANGER

This eye-witness account of the German occupation of the Channel Islands during World War II brings you a documentary portrait of the Islanders in the harrowing period between 1940 and 1945. It is also a fascinating behavior study of ordinary people—British and German alike—under conditions ranging from the barbarous to the bizarre.

Alan and Mary Wood *Illustrated* $3.50

THE DESTINY OF THE MIND
EAST AND WEST

This highly original work by an eminent scholar of Oriental philosophy marks a major milestone in the achievement of harmony between East and West.

Dr. Haas' masterly thesis points up the fundamental differences between the Oriental and the European mind. His argument is based on the history of the two civilizations, their relation to older layers of consciousness and their contrasting views of religion, politics and society.

William S. Haas $6.50

THE STATECRAFT OF MACHIAVELLI

For over four centuries the name of Machiavelli has been surrounded by controversy. This fresh appraisal of Machiavellism, by one of the great scholars of modern history, clarifies many illusions about the maxims of *The Prince* and *The Discourses*.

Herbert Butterfield $2.00

LIFE SINCE 1900

A lively and entertaining sketch of half a century of social history—a half century which saw two world wars, the rise of the Soviet Union, the downfall of Hitler's Germany, and the emergence of the United States as a great world power. A book for all who feel that the present is less bewildering when they can look backward and below the surface. *Illus.* $3.50

Charles Furth

20TH Anniversary of GONE WITH THE WIND

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Sampler

A PROPHECY FULFILLED: There may be one or two persons present who were privileged to attend the celebration at Plymouth in 1920 of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. If so you no doubt recall the tribute to those fathers spoken by Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts. . . . You probably have an even more sharply defined recollection of Governor Coolidge's long-distance telephone message to the Governor of California, staged as an interruption of the major address by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. The Senator, you will recall, had just quoted from Webster's great oration of 1820 the passage in which Webster looked forward to the next centennial, and in which he predicted that by 1920 "the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas." As Lodge paused at the end of this quotation a telephone previously placed on the platform began to ring. A representative of the telephone company on answering turned to the Governor of Massachusetts, who was seated in Governor Bradford's chair, to indicate that the Governor of California was on the line, and Governor Coolidge then spoke a few words into the instrument "to be lost in the waves and roar of the Pacific." Actually Governor Stephens of California was out hunting at the time and his secretary took the message, but that circumstance was unknown to the audience at Plymouth. Senator Lodge picked up his address with a transitional disclaimer of any responsibility for the interruption.
—From "The Legend of the Founding Fathers," by Wesley Frank Craven (New York University Press).

A FULFILLMENT PROPHESIED: Whenever I had a free moment I studied His Majesty [Edward VII]. He seemed in no mood for serious conversation, although he did make an interesting prophecy. The conversation was centered on an amazing exploit in the United States. Two daring men had successfully driven across the continent in an automobile—from San Francisco to New York. His Majesty said he was firmly convinced that in the years to come the automobile would influence the national economy as much as the Industrial Revolution. Although the gentlemen nodded in polite agreement I felt that some of them did not share His Majesty's opinion.
—From "Of Carriages and Kings," by Frederick John Gorst with Beth Andrews (Crowell).

The Saturday Review

JULY 28, 1956

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

SR/IDEAS

7 Poverty on Parnassus, by John Ciardi
20 Fear as a Weapon: An Editorial
25 Jazz at Newport: 1956, by Whitney Balliett
33 Schumann and "Les Musiciens Français," by Robert Casadesus

SR/BOOKS

9 The Crowning Privilege, by Robert Graves
Reviewed by Horace Gregory
10 An American Takes a Walk, by Reed Whittemore
Reviewed by John Logan
12 A Doctor's Book of Hours, by Merrill Moore
Reviewed by I. L. Salomon
13 So Fell the Angels, by Thomas Graham Belden and Marva Robins Belden
Reviewed by David M. Potter
14 Charles Evans Hughes and American Democratic Statesmanship, by Dexter Perkins
Reviewed by Alpheus T. Mason
15 Blessed Are the Debonair, by Margaret Case Harriman
Reviewed by Joe Alex Morris
16 And Walk in Love, by Henrietta Buckmaster
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller
16 The Aristocrats, by Michel de Saint Pierre
Reviewed by Otis Fellows
17 Noblesse Oblige, by Nancy Mitford
Reviewed by Denis W. Brogan
19 The Gay Delavals, by Francis Askham
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds
5 Literary Crypt
21 Letters to the Editor
22 Broadway Postscript
23 TV and Radio
24 *SR* Goes to the Movies
24 Literary I.Q.
33 *SR* Recordings for July
51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1166

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 30, July 28, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

(Advertisement)

I want to make a rather reckless recommendation about summer reading.

It is reckless because it involves essays on poetry. And everybody knows that nobody these days reads either essays or poetry. Nobody except you and me, that is.

Last summer I had many letters about *where* to do summer reading. I learned that, while beach chairs may be in vogue in my neighborhood, elsewhere many people are still using hammocks.

But everyone agreed that no matter where you read, the important thing is *what* you read. That's why, for your own good (as well as for mine), I hope this summer you'll look into "The Crowning Privilege," by Robert Graves.

Graves is probably the greatest living poet. (If you want to name a greater, the burden of proof will be on you.) In his new book he writes perceptively and wittily about his craft; he also expresses very definite opinions of many of his fellow-poets.

As a critic, Graves has a faculty for making other poets angry, and in "The Crowning Privilege" he has harsh things to say about some of them, including Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Eliot, Yeats, Auden and Dylan Thomas.

You may not always agree with his judgments, but I think you'll enjoy reading them. Whether you agree or disagree, they will undoubtedly send you back to the works of the poets themselves.

And, even in weather like this, I can't think of a better place to go.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Crowning Privilege," by Robert Graves ($5.00) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. If you want to argue about whether Graves is the greatest living poet or not, be sure you read his "Collected Poems 1955" ($4.50). Copies of both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, among which is The Old Corner Book Store, 50 Bromfield Street in Boston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

JUST AFTER SALUTING "Romanoff and Juliet" last week as one of my pet play titles of the year I came across this bit about famous movie titles, by Agnes Rogers Allen, in the *Authors' Guild Bulletin:*

"In China," she writes, " 'The Caine Mutiny' became 'Cruel Leader Mutiny.' In Japan 'To Catch a Thief'

played (as) 'Nouveau Riche Thief.' In Formosa 'East of Eden' was called 'Awakening of Parental Love' but in Hong Kong it bore the rakish title 'Licentious Mother and Passionate Son.' The most baffling change is 'Not as a Stranger,' which appeared on the marquees of Hong Kong as 'Bright Moon, Icy Heart Shine on the Apricot Forest'."

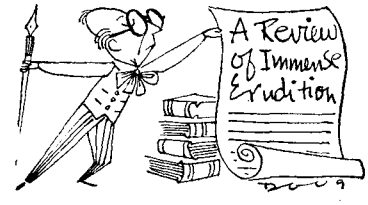
ANOTHER TITLE I'M ALL KEYED UP about —with nary a chuckle, smile, grin, or laugh in sight—appeared recently in the *New Leader* on a piece that seemed to set the entire publishing business talking at once.

"*The New Yorker*, Anthony West, and the Sad State of Literary Journalism" is the succinct little phrase, and the piece is by Granville Hicks, no hemmer or hawer he.

So electrifying are his four pages and so applicable to other book sections in other magazines and newspapers, that it seemed a shame not to get immediate permission to let you *SR* readers in on it via some sort of digesting and quoting operation.

Distinguishing literary journalism from literary criticism Mr. Hicks first says that the nation probably doesn't have more than twenty magazines or newspapers that "try to maintain even moderately high standards of literary journalism . . ." and that thus "the lapses of *The New Yorker* cannot be shrugged off. The magazine, to be sure, does publish many good reviews, but it also publishes a shocking number of bad ones, and I cannot see why. . . . In other departments its editors seem able to distinguish first-rate work from second-rate. . . . *The New Yorker* ought not to publish an incompetent review oftener than once in five years, whereas in fact incompetence turns up, in either the long reviews or the short, every second or third week."

Summing up past, and nobler, eras of the book pages in the magazine Mr. Hicks then gets down to the present, admitting that some "show-off



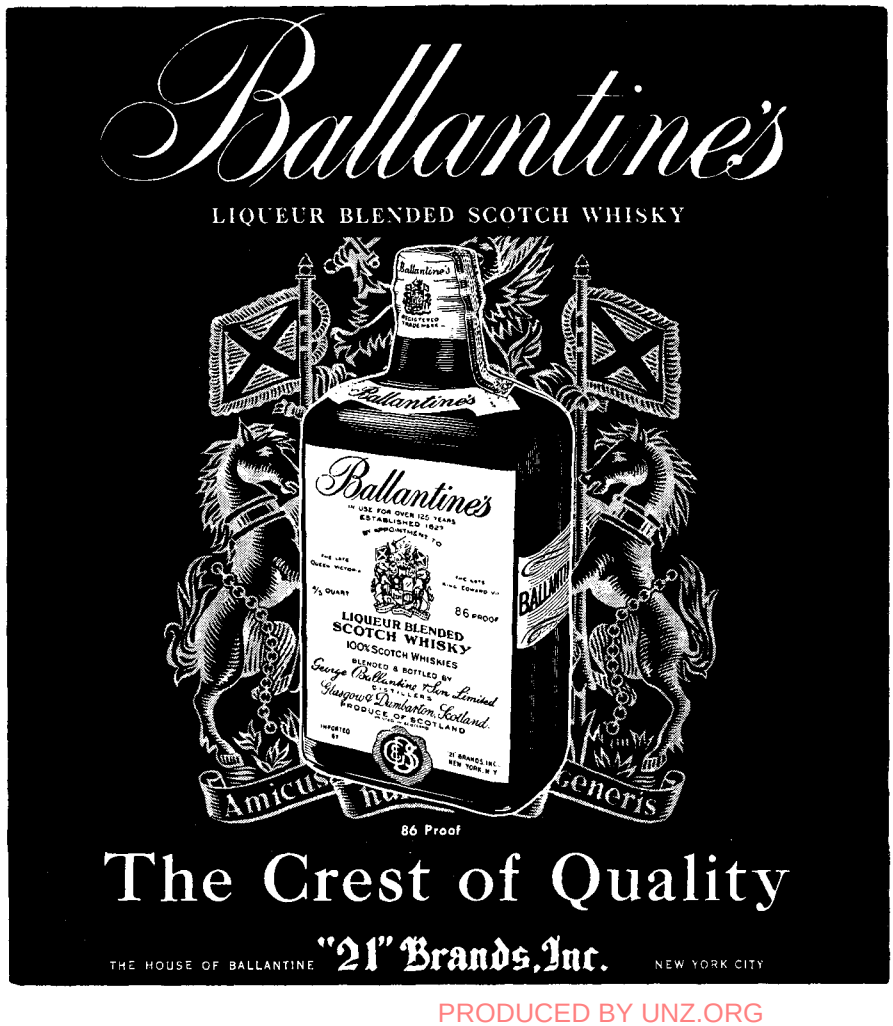
reviews" are pleasantly, even justifiably so, as when Lewis Mumford or Edmund Wilson are displaying their erudition, "and the reader is right to be impressed. . . ."

"THIS BRINGS US TO ANTHONY WEST," Mr. Hicks says crisply, a few paragraphs later, "who, it may as well be admitted, is the villain of our piece. . . . He has been writing a larger and larger proportion of its reviews. . . . One supposes that he is *The New Yorker*'s idea of a literary journalist."

There follow instances of Mr. West's "variety of ways of showing off" in many fields, biography, history, science, mythology, making use of what Mr. Hicks terms this or that "ancient trick" or "beautiful gambit" or "subterfuge." One of his more devastating summing-up phrases refers to "Mr. West's deep-seated contempt for literature."

So far Mr. Hicks has been concerned with non-fiction. "Mr. West appears more frequently and, to my mind, more calamitously—as *The New Yorker*'s principal reviewer of fiction. . . . The technique that comes easiest to him is that of high-handed condescension. This was wonderfully practised when in a single review he demolished both Aldous Huxley and Robert Penn Warren."

We then get a few fast remarks about Mr. West on George Orwell, Mr. West on Saul Bellow, Mr. West on Arthur Koestler and others. From there Granville Hicks goes to the magazine's unsigned brief notices where "all too often the combination of brevity and anonymity brings out



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the worst in reviewers." And he gives some direct quotes that are absolute beauts.

ALL IN ALL, AS I SEE IT, this is for anybody who reads books, whether he buys them, borrows them from friends or libraries, rents them—or merely writes them and publishes them.

I heard about the piece, as it happens, from the publicity chief of Viking Press, Patricia MacManus. To start with I mean. Since then I've listened to endless talk "in the trade" about it, and wasn't surprised a bit when I checked with Peter Jacobsohn of the *New Leader* about it to learn that the mail had been instantaneous, heavy, and fervent. "We just didn't dream," he said, "it would create such a furor."

Most of the letters came from publishers and librarians. "Well, it's about time!" was what most of them said. Or, more simply, "Thank God!"

And considering that the circulation of *The New Yorker* is now over 400,000, presumably a book-reading 400,000 at that, so say I. Don't you?

SINCLAIR LEWIS used to insist that he never read reviews of his own books —"I only measure them." But I know mighty well that his yardstick or tape-measure couldn't have got all *that* mad at times. Or that sardonic and funny either.

And William Faulkner recently told Jean Stein of the *Paris Review* that he never "read critics," and I wished I could face him to ask the classic question "What, never?" in the hope

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 683

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 683 will be found in the next issue.

SWDDROVLL RL QRBV ERPV

WOX LDWZV—FV PWBV

WOX PVWLKMV RE

CKMLVQJVL. . . . TVCMTV

XK PWKMRVM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 682

As the sun colors flowers, so does art color life.

—LORD AVEBURY.

Courtesy and resourcefulness qualify her for the job. Gaye Evans, telephone company Service Representative, obtains information for a customer regarding his telephone service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

She Likes to Help People

A story about one of the telephone Service Representatives whose "voice has the smile" whenever there's anything you'd like to know about telephone service.

One of the nice things about the telephone business is the way it brings us close to people.

Many, many times each day—in your community and in countless communities throughout the land—we have the opportunity and the privilege of friendly contacts with those we serve. Sometimes they are by telephone. Very often they are personal visits.

Among those with these contacts are Business Office Service Representatives like Gaye (Mrs. Robert) Evans.

"What we like people to do," says Gaye, "is to think of us as their personal representatives at the telephone company. Whenever there's any question about service or a bill or you're moving or needing more service, we're here to help in every way we can."

Gaye Evans' job takes a special type of person. One who is not only efficient but understanding as well.

Gaye qualifies in many ways. Even in her leisure hours, she finds time to help others, especially the handicapped and the needy. Another of her activities is rehearsing a 26-girl choir.

Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way:

"It's nice to have people think of the telephone company as a place where they can always find courtesy and consideration. That's our job and we try to be good at it."

Helping the Blind. Raising money to provide "Guide Dogs for the Blind" has been one of Mrs. Evans' activities in the Venture Club — an organization of Oakland (Calif.) business women.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MATURE MIND
challenged you

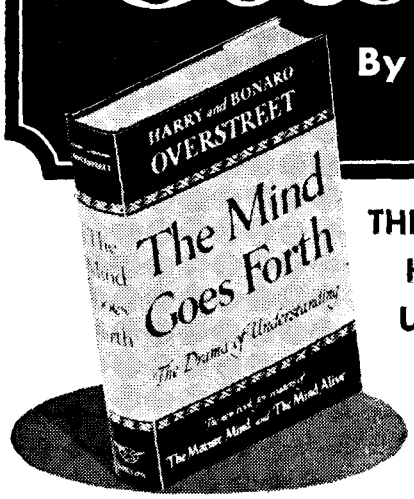
THE MIND ALIVE
sharpened your thinking

and now...

your entire life will be enriched by

The Mind Goes Forth

By HARRY and BONARO OVERSTREET



THE BOOK THAT SHOWS YOU HOW TO BUILD CREATIVE UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN YOURSELF AND OTHERS

In THE MIND GOES FORTH the Overstreets help you to reach out, as a mature personality, to meet others on a common ground. The greatest drama in which we can engage, they point out, is the drama of understanding. This is the drama of the mind's going forth to meet life more than half way. Wherever this drama is enacted — whether between individuals, groups or nations — the qualities that make us human have a chance to find expression and to endow life with richer meaning.

With their special gift of bringing new light into common human situations, the Overstreets show how we can get through the walls of prejudice, suspicion and antagonism that rise between individuals, between generations that live under the same roof, and between people who must live and work together. In THE MIND GOES FORTH the authors show the way to make room for others instead of shutting them out; how to find ways of open-mindedness to replace a readiness to differ, misjudge and condemn; how to build creative confidence between ourselves and others.

"We cannot miss the fact," the Overstreets say, "that more and more first-rate minds are weighing the possibility that a new age may be in the shaping, and that man's spirit may be stretching itself to meet the proportions of this new age. Neither can we miss the fact that more and more of us are hungry for adventures of mind and spirit that have some scope to them." In THE MIND GOES FORTH they have written the book which will help you make life a rewarding and spacious experience.

* *

". . . takes philosophy out of the ivory tower and gives it everyday values for the home and market-place . . . hundreds of clues to a good life and a good society."

—*Saturday Review*

AT ALL BOOKSTORES • $3.95

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3

of hearing the classic reply "Well, hardly ever."

"The artist," he's quoted in his now famous interview, "doesn't have time to listen to the critics. The ones who want to be writers read the reviews. the ones who want to write don't have time to read reviews. The critic too is trying to say 'Kilroy was here'."

Everybody, I suppose, has his own set of favored and trusted Kilroys—and a counter set of "Killers." There's nothing new or modern about either type, of course; I just obeyed an impulse and looked through the index of my beloved "Oxford Dictionary of Quotations" for the listings under "critic," "critical," "criticism," "criticizing," and "critics."

I want to quote at least a dozen. But by sheer will-power I limit myself to these:

Robert Browning: "There up spoke a brisk little somebody,/Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage/to set things right."

Long before that, in "Tristram Shandy," Lawrence Sterne had said "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!"

And finally, in 1861 in the House of Commons, Disraeli said, "This shows how much easier it is to be critical than to be correct."

I don't know, naturally, what "this" referred to, but wouldn't it be the greatest if *all* reviewers of books plays, films, and symphony orchestras could somehow see those fourteen words of "Dizzy's" flashing at them in flowing neon script right over their typewriters?

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: TRADE WINDS *is being conducted by Laura Z. Hobson while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

POETRY LONDON-NEW YORK: The well-known poetry magazine *Poetry London,* edited for many years by T. Tambimuttu, has recently been blessed with a transatlantic cousin, *Poetry London-New York.* The first issue of this journal boasted a cover by Alexander Calder and essay and poetry contributions by W. H. Auden, E. E. Cummings, Walter de la Mare, William Empson, Robert Graves, Horace Gregory, Marianne Moore, Sir Herbert Read, Stephen Spender, Dylan Thomas, and many others. Inquiries should be addressed to Tambimuttu *Poetry London-New York,* 338 East 87th Street, New York City. The magazine is in need of financial support

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

JULY 28, 1956

POVERTY ON PARNASSUS

The Economics of Poetry

On August 24, 1770, at the age of seventeen years and nine months, Thomas Chatterton—rejected by wealthy patrons, cheated by publishers, starving in the London slums, his mind whirling with songs and mystifications—climbed up to a lonely attic and swallowed arsenic. This boy stands forever as the poet's symbol of the meanness and folly of Society, which so often has praised poets without recognizing them, worked them without feeding them. Would Chatterton have died of cold neglect in modern America? For the second article in its new series The Economics of the Arts (see SR *July 7 for the initial piece, by Thomas Sherman)* SR *asked John Ciardi, its Poetry Editor, to discuss the cakes-and-ale situation of the contemporary poet. He concludes that, although we must always take care that such an eccentric, fragile talent as Chatterton's isn't crushed by the momentum of life, we have improved on the eighteenth century in the quality of the help and interest our poets can expect.*

By JOHN CIARDI

NO GOOD poet writing today in America is permitted the illusion that he might make his living from the sale of his poems. If he means to eat, therefore, and if the good fairy has failed to provide him with a private income, he must do something else. Overwhelmingly that something-else has turned out to be university (including, of course, college) teaching, and that identification of the poets with the universities must certainly be counted as a ponderable influence on the directions our more recent poetry has taken.

By now at least 85 per cent of our serious poets under sixty are working, or have recently worked, at some sort of university career. There is even, as Charles Fenton of Yale pointed out a year or so ago, a fairly definite progression by decades among the teacher-poets: the first generation of them, now fiftyish, tends to own a simple bachelor's degree; the middle generation, now fortyish, seems to have dawdled about in graduate school long enough to have acquired a master's degree; and the most recent generation, now thirtyish, tends to come armed with the full union-card doctorate. The relationship, one can see, is becoming increasingly formal.

Nor does it end there. The universities not only provide the poets with jobs but have become the principal sponsors of the publication of poetry. As the larger-circulation magazines have settled into their policy of paying less and less attention to poetry (and none at all to literary criticism as distinct from book reviewing) the universities have obligingly put up the subsidies on which dozens of literary quarterlies continue to publish poetry and criticism at a loss. Everyone in Academe seems happy with the arrangement: the poets can now find themselves in print almost as often as if they were critics (which most of them are, or try to be, between whiles); and the trustees—hard-headed and far-sighted good men and true in the Madison Avenue tradition of Western Man—have been persuaded that their insolvent quarterlies are good public relations, and that they attract to the faculty good men who, the prospect of family-publication before them, will be too dazzled to check their salaries against the latest cost-of-living index.

These quarterlies, moreover, are invariably edited by faculty members and are primarily distributed to other universities. The universities, that is to say, have taken over not only the function of the patron and of the arbiter but have bid to be the audience

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well—to be at least a very articulate and persuasive segment of the audience, and one endowed with a considerable number of influential journals through which to express its tastes and requirements.

Thus, the arriving poet, university trained to begin with, joins a university faculty, publishes primarily on university subsidy under university editorship, reads primarily the poetry and criticism that the universities sanction or have themselves developed, and when he publishes his own slim volume (quite possibly on a university press imprint) finds it reviewed for praise or damnation very largely by university men in university magazines. And when, finally, he has achieved some sort of reputation he will find his principal added income in stumping the lecture platform—from university to university.

SUCH a near-total absorption of our poets into the universities has persuaded many commentators that there is serious danger of a kind of poetic inbreeding. Certainly the arguments against a university-poetry, to the extent that such a poetry does in fact exist, are not hard to marshal.

The first argument is from history. The fact of English literature seems to be that none of our master poets and few of our great minor poets were teachers. One might cite Housman and possibly Matthew Arnold (though Arnold was not properly speaking a teacher) and I would not willingly ignore Lewis Carroll, but beyond these one would have to leap back to Gray and to a number of very minor eighteenth-century poets, and beyond them to no poets of any consequence at all who could properly be classified as school or university teachers. The argument follows, then, that, since good poets of the past have almost entirely avoided teaching, teaching is an evil that all good poets, now and to come, should shun. Such reasoning may seem persuasive at first, but the argument is in fact merely verbal. The obvious fact is that the present-day university bears so little resemblance to the past university that it is pointless to assume that university-then equals university-now simply because one word pretends to describe both of them. The modern university may be better or worse than the past university but it is not the same thing.

The second of these arguments is from passion. It assumes that the university is an "ivory tower" and that life "must be gone out to." Thus, exhorters of the spirit will be heard crying: "Go out and swing a pick! Or go sell groceries! Or go drive a truck! But get out where life is!" The argument is not only silly but is itself academic, and it confuses the difference between experience and simple activity. What poem of any consequence has ever been brought about because the poet was a ditch-digger, a grocer, or a truck-driver? Even Whitman talked about the broad-axe a sight more than he ever swung one. The subject of poetry is human experience, and experience is not a physical occupation. I am tempted to argue that experience—the only kind of experience that counts—is an inner scale on which one balances his life against his death. A man either has that scale or he hasn't, and he either is able to find poetic forms that respond to it or he isn't, but the scale itself is independent of surface environment. Emily Dickinson stayed home and Florence Nightingale went to the Crimea, but it was Emily Dickinson who wrote the poems. The planet is large enough to be visible from any window, even one in an "ivory tower."

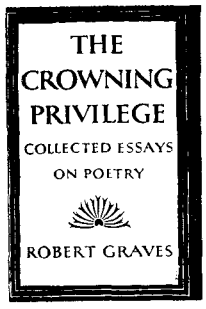
As a matter of fact, I am not at all sure what "ivory tower" means when applied to today's university. The term may have had some quaint appositeness when used to describe the mental habitat of an Oxford don of fifty or 100 years ago, but certainly if today's university is to be labeled an "ivory tower" it is at least worth remembering that the faculty suites are preponderantly occupied by men, now fortyish, who grew up in a very un-ivoried Depression, who served from two to five years in the Armed Services, and who have since returned to some sort of heavily earthbound mortgage and the statistical 2.7 children. Such vital statistics are hardly the stuff that Romance or William Shakespeares are made of, but they certainly do seem reasonable evidence that this generation of college teachers is living somewhere within the area of life-and-death as it happens in the practical experience of American man at the mid-century.

But once these false arguments have been answered there is still the more pertinent objection that the poet turned academician may tend to become overspecialized. Not overspecialized in his techniques, one must add, but in his human concern, which runs a danger of becoming specifically literary. Every curriculum, it must be recognized, is based on rationality. I suspect that there lurks in every academy some ghostly form of the idea that everything is explainable. Poetry is a fiercely intellectual art at its best, but its fundamental concern is with those irrationalities we call the emotions. The universities are analytical and critical in intent. They are not creative. The poet in a university is in about the position of a pole-vaulter at a convention of anatomists. He and they are both concerned with muscles, but not in the same way. Let the pole-vaulter get the notion that the way to train is by cutting up corpses rather than by running and jumping, and all will be lost.

A poet working in a university, moreover, has to do a lot of talking, and certainly it will help his prospects if he can seem to talk brilliantly. It is impossible to doubt that much of the disproportion of recent poetic attitudes has started from the

(*Continued on page* 29)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE CROWNING PRIVILEGE"

Author: Robert Graves

By HORACE GREGORY, *whose translation of "The Poems of Catullus" was published last spring.*

SINCE the deaths of Kipling, Chesterton, and Shaw writers who talk out loud in print have become extremely rare. Today the rarest bird of that species is Robert Graves, and while others whisper in conference with friendly critics, or stride in "movements," Graves's voice is consistently resonant and clear.

Last year Robert Graves delivered the Clark Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge. His subject was "Professional Standards in English Poetry," which seemed dry and technical enough to ward off evil winds of controversy. But the Clark Lectures ever since the late 1880s have had a curious history of their own. On delivering them their more famous lecturers have gone slightly mad. The curse began when Edmund Gosse delivered a relaxed commentary on English verse, "From Shakespeare to Pope," an innocent title which when the book came into print concealed a hundred errors of fact and interpretation. Graves chose a less innocent title for his conversations; he called them "The Crowning Privilege" (Doubleday, $5), and, whatever it may mean in Dublin or London or on the island of Majorca, in old-fashioned Chicago slang that title accurately describes what is sure to happen when everyone has the crowning privilege at Donnybrook Fair.

On this occasion (for Graves has been at Donnybrook Fair before, notably with Laura Riding in 1928 with a witty, rousing, often truthful monograph, "A Pamphlet Against Anthologies"), Graves makes a reentry into the lists with assaults on Milton and Alexander Pope. Graves never destroys a "butterfly on a wheel"; he drops his club and charges with a bayonet, which is salutary, to say the least, except when the rush is a blind one and distorts well-substantiated information. To say as he does, "Martha Blount may have been Pope's mistress, or even his wife (though this only a surmise) . . . but she does not figure in his poems and is not even implied by them, however shadowily" confuses his case against Pope and contains an error. Pope composed lines "To Mrs. M. B. on her birthday" and wrote two memorable poems to her sister, Teresa Blount—and was Teresa the true object of his complex affections, or the younger sister, Martha? Graves raises a smoke screen around a mare's nest—and rushes on. Like most of the Anglo-Irish, (including Yeats) and for famous reasons, he has greater fondness for Swift than Pope. His attacks on Milton stir up the same confusions of biographical facts and poetic prejudices; his blind rushes against him force those who are lukewarm readers of Milton to a belated defense of "Lycidas" and "Paradise Lost."

As Graves approaches the twentieth century he begins to resemble himself of thirty-five years ago, a truculent, boyish Georgian poet with a Roman toga worn beneath a uniform of the Welsh Fusiliers. This apparition of the early Graves has a distaste for poems of fine-grained texture and sensibility; ballads of the "Tom O' Bedlam" variety strike his fancy and, loyal to his Anglo-Irish heritage, nothing can stop him from reciting full stanzas of "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched"—a non-poem of late-eighteenth-century thieves' chatter and rough jargon. With a more discerning eye and ear he revives a little-known but excellent poem by W. H. Davies, the tramp-poet, hero of the Georgian poets of World War I.

One is then prepared to hear Graves use his crowning privilege on the heads of Yeats, Pound, and Eliot. He joins company with those who once made the mistake of placing "A. E." and James Stephens above Yeats, a Dublin provincial error that once walked the streets of London and New York and is now forgotten. Even talk about the Muses won't excuse it, for Yeats had Muses of his own—though they took the names of Maud Gonne, Dorothy Shakespeare, and Lady Gregory. With like vigor he recites old yarns and superstitions about Ezra Pound, including the stale charges against Pound's Latin. Anyone who can read now knows that Pound's "Homage to Propertius" was, as the title tells us, an *homage* to Propertius with no intention of being a word for word literal translation. The same boyish exuberance (or is it a touch of Clark Lecture madness?) takes hold of Graves when he talks of Eliot: ". . . once he was pennywise, not Pound foolish—and

POET, SCHOLAR, ICONOCLAST: In his candid early autobiography "Goodbye to All That" (1929) Anglo-Irish Robert Graves wrote: "I am glad in a way that my father was a poet. This at least saved me from any false reverence of poets. . . ." The reverent tone is notably absent from Graves's writing and living, both of which have been cast in an independent mold. In "The Crowning Privilege," his latest of eight books on the art of poetry, he continues to mow down respected figures, just as in a score of novels, biographies, and essays he has wielded an ax on the academic myths that have clustered around classical mythology and historical figures. After several publishing failures early in his career Graves in the late Twenties went off on a bold tangent: "I made no attempt to write for the ordinary reading public, and no longer regarded my work as being of public utility. . . . I only wrote when and because there was a poem pressing to be written." He formulated a theory of poetry, which was to be "non-literary" and provide a spiritual catharsis for the poet first and then the reader; as for the critic, he is an "unreal" figure. Not surprisingly, ever since Graves's poetry has been collecting critics' brickbats and flowers.

To Herr Geheimrat Ritter Heinrich von Ranke, his grandfather, Graves acknowledges his debt for his "clumsy largeness, endurance, energy, seriousness, and thick hair." His tenacious qualities served Graves well, especially as an infantry captain in the British Expeditionary Forces in World War I, when he spent a long period in bloody trenches and survived a lung wound. His subsequent career (including two marriages and seven children) saw him earn a degree at Oxford, keep a shop, teach English at Cairo's University, and operate the Seizin Press at Majorca, Spain, where, at sixty-one, the poet now makes his permanent home.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matured into a rugged, if retiring, businessman." In these instances the best that can be said of Graves is that he is not shooting or lunging at small game.

The more serious content of his lectures is free of skittishness and Georgian animosities. Rightly enough he associates poetry with ritual magic; he respects the poet's devotion to his Muse. He believes the poet "must not allow a private person or a publisher the right to call the tune. . . . To call the tune is the function of the Muse alone." As for poetry as it is so frequently taught in colleges today, Graves tells of his meeting with a Cambridge student:

> I asked her: "What poems do you enjoy most?" and she answered with dignity: "Poems are not meant to be enjoyed; they are meant to be analyzed."

And Graves followed these remarks to his Cambridge audience with equal dignity, "I hope you do not think that I subscribe to this heresy." Here Graves is right and no true poet would deny the pertinence of his observation.

ASIDE from the new Clark Lectures in "The Crowning Privilege," Graves has reprinted a selection of his earlier essays. Of these the most learned is his discussion of Lucretius and Jeans, and Graves as the gifted translator of "The Golden Ass" shows proper skill in comment on a Roman poet. His conversations on nursery rhymes and ballads are now outmoded; his attacks on Pound and Cummings are foolish —and irrelevant to the subject of poetry. His autobiographical essays show him at his best, and none is better than his brief memoir, "Mad Mr. Swinburne." The anecdote recalls a day when Robert Graves was wheeled as a baby along Nurses' Walk, not far from where the Mad Mr. Swinburne tripped, frightening nurses on his way, toward the "Rose and Crown" to drink his daily pint of ale:

> Mad Mr. Swinburne succeeded in catching me, having appeared suddenly from behind a tree . . . and bestowed some sort of blessing on me.

This was a frightening yet fortunate encounter, and Graves has made a charming story of it. Anyone who knows anything of Swinburne's erratic temper in criticism can guess how significantly his blessings fell on the head of infant Robert Graves. Was it at this early date that Robert Graves actually received his crowning privilege?

Wit and Wisdom

"An American Takes a Walk," by Reed Whittemore *(University of Minnesota Press. 82 pp. $2.75), is a collection of poems that remind our reviewer of street-corner conversation in a sun-beaten Midwest town.*

By John Logan

THE POEMS in Reed Whittemore's second collection, "An American Takes a Walk," have the reliable but sometimes unresilient honesty of a street corner seen in the Midwestern summer sun. They are revealing in the way a man might unconsciously reveal himself in his talk while standing on that corner. They are bookish poems, some of them, but without caring. Many are slangy. They are necessary in the way that only the poems of poets are necessary. They have their work to do and they know, though they might wish it were not so, that that work is of the mind and the guts. Thus they flow from a sense which is not especially Midwestern. Or contemporary.

The poems never risk ecstasy, fearing perhaps that vulgar monster the dishonest bliss. In fact they seldom risk music in the more ambitious pieces, though there is plenty of it in some of the very beautiful short poems such as "Naples" and "Capri."

Poems having to do with the mystery of death or aging, for example "Addendum on Being Thirty," allow themselves more feeling than some of the others. Those having to do with the mystery of mental life or of memory allow themselves more imagination, as "Lines" and "Moving Among the Seasons," two of the finest poems.

Reed Whittemore—"revealing."

So much use of the normal iambic line is surprising, as Mr. Whittemore in one of his acute review articles has detailed the shortcomings of such a line for contemporary verse. Perhaps that is why he introduces many expressional silent feet:

> And since the shocking outwardness of sin
> Closes prudent eyes

and added feet:

> Help me, Freud, oh help me master the gap
> Between the ground and all such high and precarious places.

In any case few would quarrel with a perfect couplet:

> To Newgate, where the adamantine doors
> Stand open for the felons and the whores.

In his witty concerns with the vagaries of modern culture and politics, which he is generally good at, he may bring to mind, pejoratively, something of Cummings, as in "On the Unimportance of Words."

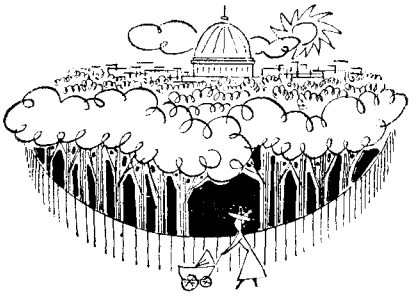
But the difficulty with criticism is that these poems are very self-knowing and always say someplace the things one might accuse them of. And one blanches if he has thought of poking at the lightness and apparent unfeeling of some of the work:

> Who is this carping character standing beside me?
> Has he a license to be here? What is he doing
> Twisting my words, distorting my meanings, wheezing
> Tragedy, tragedy, tragedy?
> I am the one to decide, am I not, upon matters
> I must decide? I am the one, am I not, to reject
> Such plans and resolves of my own as prove suspect?

Well, maybe so, we may answer. Still, for a poet of such fine gifts, is the collection fully satisfying? As a whole? Anyway, those who, like me, feel some disappointment can believe that they failed to plumb enough into the meaning of wit, for which as Freud says only the child has neither capability nor need. And it may be that with studies of the witty imagery of money and selling, for example, which in some form pops up in an astonishingly large number of these poems, Mr. Whittemore's wit will seem less a mechanism set up, like his titles, to prevent feeling, and more like something which unlocks

> The power and passions I store
> In a secret room behind a secret door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Poem for a Festival of Art at the Boston Public Gardens

By Archibald MacLeish

Heart,
What music can you hear?
I hear the squeal
Of brakes on Boylston Street, the wheel
That whistles to the asphalt by the Mall.
No more than that? No hurrying drum?
No trumpets where the garlands come?
No praise? No pride?
I hear the stumbling traffic brawl.

Heart is too naked now for public places,
Too altogether heart to face the faces
Crowding about her in a park and cry,
As once she would have, bold and high,
Of men, and well-built cities and their fame.
Our modern heart, if she should walk
The streets at all now, twists the talk
to tattered ironies that hide her out of shame.

She will not sing; finds here no place to sing
The secrets she now knows, the sort of thing
A poem with a poem's beckoning words
Can sometimes summon as the birds
Can summon silence to an evening's hush.
Between this pavement and the pond
There is no hush and here beyond
The shivering arc-lights no imaginary thrush.

Nor is there silence farther: Beacon Hill
Elbowed by horns; Bullfinch's miracle,
That dome of gold, outshouldered in the air—
Albatross of Baudelaire
Earth-bound by huge, and unintended, wings;
All Boston's reticent elegance
That made a ringing silence once
Worn to the brass and jangling like old Judy's rings.

Except to sing this tottering century down
Heart will not sing, not now, of any town.
There's nothing public left the heart can love,
Nothing, she means, worth singing of
Except . . . that there is nothing left worth singing.
She'll jig to that tune any day:
Civilization washed away!
Beauty debauched! debauched!—she'll strum that straight
or swinging.

* * *

Is it the city or the heart that's wrong
When so much living has so little song
And death has all the handsome music?—when
Beauty that begins again
With each new creature's new created age
Is only beautiful in one
Long past—some city long since gone—
Some other country?—when the time's great poets rage.

Against the time: won't build: will only shore
The wreckage up that made an age before?
Is it the city or the heart that fails us?
No doubt the town's grown worse—assails us
Shouting with its streets that shriek and blaze—
Shriek without meaning, blaze at night
Without a candle's worth of light—
But is it this that stifles all the pride and praise?

Is it the fault of stone and glass and steel
Or of the heart that can no longer feel
What once was felt alive upon the pulses—
Only its image—someone else's
Scarlet banners fluttering in a breeze,
Fluttering in a vanished verse,
At Lo-Yang by the water course?
That moves her: not the actual great flags: not these.

* * *

This is the city that God-fearing men
Built in the wilderness to God and then,
When wilderness was world, rebuilt to king
And then to those great bells that ring
When kings go under, can our inward heart
Hear nothing of that town within:
John Adams thinks beneath this din,
Franklin contrives beneath that clattering slow cart.

O hush! There is a silence in this place
For all the chattering gears that grind, a grace
Of present expectation in this ground
Where once so great a grace was found,
A space to speak in and a speaker's part.
Heart, O heart that will not sing
This sounding town, this clamoring,
No city stands but is the image of the heart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Astonishing Begetter of Sonnets

"A Doctor's Book of Hours," by Merrill Moore *(Charles C. Thomas. 397 pp. $6), represents a year's poetic output of a prolific producer of sonnets.*

By I. L. Salomon

CATS on fire and dogs in neon lights are what the patient said he started seeing after living on beer for forty days. His doctor is the Bostonian psychiatrist Merrill Moore, the astonishing begetter of thousands of sonnets. The legend that between the red and green change of a traffic light he can compose a fourteen-liner is credible. Back in 1938 Merrill Moore let the Roman numeral "M" title his mathematical achievement of sonnets in one book. Perhaps his metabolism has slowed down with age, for "A Doctor's Book of Hours" runs to only 365 sonnets in his journal of the year that includes "some dimensions of the emotions." Of men and women, war and violence, alcoholism and the libido, and of the poet's own person is this book made. It is written with brash uncontrol, uninhibited gusto, explosive hilarity, lusty ribaldry, a surface sense of sentiment, and occasionally with compassion. It mirrors one aspect of contemporary civilization, the analyst's couch; the reader, privy to secrets of the consulting room, may overhear, too, the doctor's own interior monologue. No one can accuse the prolific Merrill Moore of reticence. Like that other physician and poet William Carlos Williams, he bares trade secrets in the name of poetry.

Poetry, said Keats, must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by laws and precepts, but by sensations and watchfulness. Merrill Moore aptly fits this definition. To him the sonnet is not to be cloistered in a little room. It is not the liquescent fire in a precious jewel. It is a medium of fourteen lines more or less, like the acreage in a mountain township, its boundaries imprecisely ascertained. What Merrill Moore has done is to create an imbalance in a classic form by imposing a polyglot of casual Americanisms in impromptu cadences. The sonnet is rigid; it refuses to yield to undue pressure; it accepts iambics and trochees in beat and accent where the underlying music of the line is faultless. Merrill Moore, whose prodigality of words overwhelms him like a flume, finds it difficult to channel the spate in the newer, if still narrow, compass of the sonnet he has created. Our vernacular never fails him, even if the sonnet does.

At his best Merrill Moore is a dreamer before whom the ivory gate of delusion and the horn gate of accomplishment fly open. He makes real the visions of the sick who have been cheated in a hard life. It is the rebellious material of abnormality he has let loose in the purlieus of poetry. His quirkish titles demand attention; some of them read like headlines ("Residents Decide on Modernizing Beacon Hill") or jingles ("Asleep in a Pullman, Like a Pea in a Pod/Racing Over the Dawn Tracks Into God") or commentaries ("I Thought of the Dead Past and Millions of People Who/Struggled Upwards Through All Life and Time/Towards the Surface and Crest of the Foaming/Wave of Today") or like effective one-line poems ("The Trout Cruised the Waters of Their Quiet Pond").

Titles aside, these sonnets are readable, even if they are hampered by too much of a muchness in a big book. In his "More Clinical Sonnets" (*SR* Jan. 9, 1954) Merrill Moore's wit showed to advantage in a smaller book enhanced by the lively drawings of Edward Gorey.

Since it is unlikely that any sonneteer in the future will have the temerity to challenge Merrill Moore's fecundity, he himself ought to polish instead of polishing off his sonnets. He knows only too well

> So slowly final truth seeps into you;
> Roses are objects; they are immeasurable;
> Words and those who love them perish too.

POETRY WITHOUT THE POETIC IMPULSE: Poetry written off the top of the mind is no poetry at all. The impulse seems to be purely intellectual, and that is not the poetic impulse. The poetic impulse is more or less subject to the control of the intellect. However, any attempt to substitute the deliberations of the mind for the perceptions of the poetic spirit achieves only a dry run of language. The resultant "poems" have a fatal self-consciousness. They fail to operate in the one way which

Merrill Moore—"gusto, hilarity."

poetry—all kinds of poetry, and there are many—must operate; they fail of any sense of inevitability and necessity. Knowledge of the articulation of all the bones in the human skeleton is not the same thing as the creation of human life.

These days there is a great deal of this attempted substitution in verse. Almost every page of Herbert Read's new book, **"Moon's Farm and Other Poems"** (Horizon Press, $3), illustrates the error. This little volume gathers up Sir Herbert's verse output since the publication of his "Collected Poems" ten years ago. Almost two thirds of it consists of the title poem, which is a "dialogue for three voices" written for production over the BBC in 1951. Its plot in realistic terms consists of an aging man's return to the farmlands where he was a child; his life is behind him, deep change is all around him, death is just ahead of him. But the dialogue is kept on a mystic level. The first voice represents the spirit of place; the second is the man's—individual memory; the third, time—with, too, intimations of mortality.

It is all neither uninteresting nor is it poetry. A very old and an often mistaken charge against free verse is here, I think, applicable and true: this writing is simply prose arbitrarily chopped into broken lines.

Of the handful of shorter poems prefacing "Moon's Farm" the best is the first, "The Death of Kropotkin." There alone Sir Herbert's poetic deliberation functions within a plain, terse style, its simple images achieving the emotional vibrations characteristic of memorable poetry.

—WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICANA

A Little Insane About the Presidency

"So Fell the Angels," by Thomas Graham Belden and Marva Robins Belden *(Little, Brown. 401 pp. $5), is a double biography: of Salmon P. Chase, the Civil War Treasury Secretary who would have given almost anything to become President, and of his ambitious daughter, Kate. Our reviewer is Professor David M. Potter of Yale.*

By David M. Potter

ON DECEMBER 6, 1864, Abraham Lincoln nominated Salmon P. Chase to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. On the same day an arrested blockade-runner gave officials of the War Department a confession which implicated Chase's son-in-law, Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island, in extensive activities trading with the enemy. If Sprague, a textile millionaire, had been prosecuted for running cotton through the blockade on the Texas coast it might have ruined the Chief Justice-elect, for Chase had already been subjected to castigating criticism for his laxity, when Secretary of the Treasury, in allowing speculators to traffic with the Confederates. But War Secretary Stanton, a man who appreciated the value of possessing information that Senators and Chief Justices could not afford to have revealed, did not let the matter come to light. Later, it was found that the papers on the case had disappeared from the War Department files.

These facts have been on record since 1870, when one of Sprague's agents in the "Texas Adventure" overreached himself in trying to secure reparation for property lost during the war, and the whole matter was aired in Congress. Subsequently, historians have left it strictly alone. It is not in James Ford Rhodes or any of the biographies of Chase. Now, two newcomers to the historical field, Thomas and Marva Belden, have brought it again to light in an extraordinary multiple biography of Kate Chase, her father the Chief Justice, and her husband, William Sprague. The story is so sensational that it sent this doubting reviewer to the Congressional documents. But there is no doubt that Sprague employed Harris Hoyt to trade for cotton in Texas and to bring it through the blockade; no doubt that he later concealed his connection with Hoyt and, under a pretext of aid to Texas Unionists, concealed the purpose to secure cotton for his mills.

If, in perspective, the story of Kate Chase and William Sprague seems unimportant as part of our national history, it nevertheless has enduring interest as a commentary upon human character. The Beldens have approached it as such, and with astringent wit, brilliant insight, and thorough research, they have recounted a life experience that might have been created by Tolstoy or Dostoievsky. After Salmon P. Chase's third wife died on his forty-fourth birthday he remained a widower. His affections centered upon his daughter, Kate, who as his companion from her childhood shared his thoughts, his plans, and, most of all, his ambitions. By the time he entered Lincoln's Cabinet she had something of a fixation on her father and an insatiable desire to make him President and herself First Lady. For this goal money was required, and it seems no coincidence that she married William Sprague, ineffectual and unprepossessing, but with a fortune of twenty-five million dollars.

Tragedy followed, inevitable and complete. Chase, who, as Lincoln remarked, was "a little insane" about the Presidency, not only failed to gain the office but lost his integrity in the quest. Kate turned against her husband when she discovered that her sacrifice had not gained the White House, and Sprague turned against her when he perceived the cold-blooded motives of her marriage. Quarrels and recriminations led to a final debacle, when Sprague took refuge in liquor and prostitutes, and Kate, with even less discriminating taste, formed an attachment for Senator Roscoe Conkling. Sprague titillated Newport society by a series of gaudy scenes, including one in which he literally chased Conkling off his estate with a shotgun. Divorce, bankruptcy, oblivion, the suicide of one child, and the half-wittedness of another marked the later stages of decline and fall.

—McMahon Studio.

The Beldens—"supreme biographer's art."

IN BARE outline the story seems a gossip columnist's dream, and it was indeed the delight of the keyhole press at the time. It is all too easy to play the melodramatic angles, and the Beldens have not entirely resisted the temptation. Their chapter titles, for instance, smack of a women's serial and their final chapters are overwritten. Moreover they sometimes let their sense of drama take them farther than the evidence will go.

But these are minor criticisms. The important thing about "So Fell the Angels" is that it marks the unheralded emergence of an important new biographical talent. The quality of this talent is in some danger of being overlooked because of the dramatic aura, because of the marginal importance of the subject historically, and because the authors have modestly indicated their extensive research in condensed footnotes without proclaiming how much of their material is new. At a hasty glance this book might be mistaken for a potboiled fictionalized biography. But it is in fact one of the most striking American biographical studies in recent years. For the authors exhibit, in its highest form, the supreme quality of the biographer's art: the capacity to discern and to re-create for the reader the human personality in the historical personage. Strachey's eminent Victorians and Gamaliel Bradford's damaged souls were not rendered to the life more convincingly than the Chases and William Sprague have now been rendered by Thomas and Marva Belden.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Statesman of the First Rank

"Charles Evans Hughes and American Democratic Statesmanship," by Dexter Perkins *(Little, Brown. 200 pp. $3.50), is a short account of a Republican who crowned a notable political career with service as Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. Alpheus T. Mason, professor of jurisprudence at Princeton, is our reviewer.*

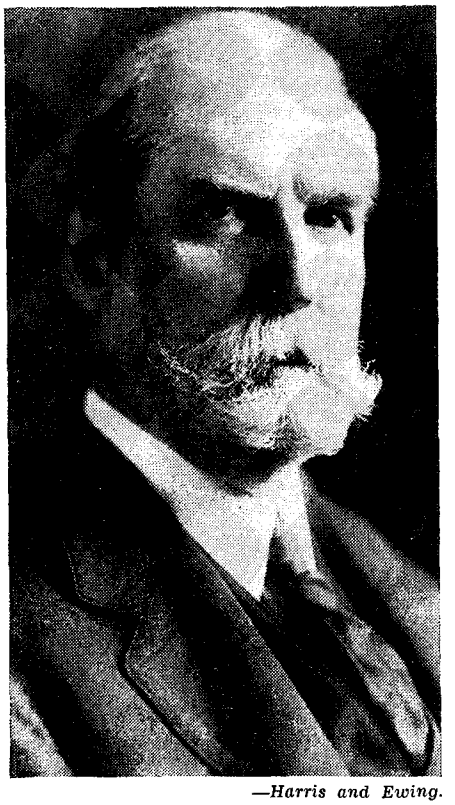
By Alpheus T. Mason

THE life of Charles Evans Hughes represents not one but eight careers: eminent lawyer, feared and fearless investigator, crusading governor, associate justice of the Supreme Court, Republican candidate—and near winner—in a race for the Presidency, Secretary of State, World Court judge, and Chief Justice of the United States. In a fast moving narrative entitled "Charles Evans Hughes and American Democratic Statesmanship" Dexter Perkins draws an engaging portrait, featuring all these aspects of a truly remarkable career.

Hughes as counsel for the Armstrong Insurance Committee of 1905 set the standard for public investigators. With the skill of a surgeon, exploring the operation of the social organism, he not only diagnosed the disease but also stimulated enduring cures. As Governor of New York his courageous leadership exerted an influence not yet fully spent. Wilson of New Jersey, Alfred E. Smith, and a host of other governors emulated the Hughes model. As Secretary of State Hughes gave dignity, even distinction, to Harding's shabby Administration. These major contributions are not, however, the ones on which the New Yorker's place in history is likely to be judged. It is unfortunate for Hughes and somewhat ironical that his public service prior to 1930 should be eclipsed by the Chief Justiceship. His name is inextricably tied to leadership of the Supreme Court. Even his prior work as an associate justice, though highly important, tends to be slighted. This book sets Hughes's career in truer perspective.

Hughes's statesmanship, by any standard, puts him in the front rank of public figures. Before 1930 his activities were relatively non-controversial. His Chief Justiceship, on the other hand, was a source of dispute from the start. President Hoover did not "at once" turn to him to fill the center chair in 1930. The justices themselves, including retiring Chief Justice Taft, knew that the President intended to elevate Associate Justice Stone. Hoover, it seems, offered the post to the sixty-eight-year-old Hughes with the not unreasonable expectation that he would decline it. But he promptly accepted, illustrating the old Yankee story of the man who aimed to blow medicine down the horse's throat, but the horse blew first.

In the debate over confirmation insurgent Senators expressed concern lest Hughes's Wall Street practice influence his judicial views. Such fears were to some extent discredited. Against the exasperated objections of the Court's diehards the Chief Justice upheld Minnesota's moratorium on mortgage foreclosures. Certain language in the opinion indicated fair judicial weather for the entire New Deal. It was not until the Gold Clause cases that the Administration was alerted to impending Constitutional pitfalls. In Hughes's opinion one observes the Chief Justice's most characteristic judicial approach—"to pose polar opposites without confessing they were opposites," as Thomas Reed Powell pointed out. The author refers to the Chief Justice's "semantics," "logic chopping," "strained logic." Hughes's opinions often faced both ways, affording a most uncertain Constitutional foundation on which to build a legislative program. So it proved to be.



—Harris and Ewing.

Charles Evans Hughes—"remarkable career."

IN ONE case Hughes ignored Justice Brandeis's dramatic warning that "if we would be guided by the light of reason we must let our minds be bold." In another he evoked from Justice Stone the caustic observation that the Court "suffered from an overstimulated inventive genius" in blocking the power to govern. Hughes joined the majority in outlawing the AAA. This case more than any other created the impasse between Congress and the Court that led President Roosevelt to advocate court-packing. In this epic conflict the Chief Justice proved to be more than the President's equal. His timely letter to Senator Wheeler, spearhead of the opposition, subtly conveyed the false impression that the entire Court had sanctioned it, though he had taken the trouble to consult only two of his colleagues. Had he consulted Stone and Cardozo we know that the Court would have been divided. Hughes's letter was, as Mr. Perkins says, "absolutely devastating." The leader of an institution, presumably remote from murky political waters, had won against the most gifted (some would say devious) politician of our time.

Mr. Perkins is aware of the Hughes enigma, but he does not try to penetrate it. "Statesmanship in a democratic community," Mr. Perkins declares, "consists in the use of public authority to make the necessary adaptations to a changing political and social environment and to the demands of the time." Before 1930 Hughes practised this art with remarkable success, as the author convincingly demonstrates. His strength lay not in ideological commitment, but in a highly developed ear for popular aspirations. For reasons not disclosed in this book, Hughes in the Thirties became hard of hearing. It took an agonizing rumpus to force the Chief Justice to comply with Mr. Perkins's test. So one wonders whether Hughes belongs in the thinly populated category of "very great Chief Justices."

In spite of the author's failure to come to grips with the controversial aspects of Hughes's judicial leadership his sprightly portrayal of a complex and many-sided career is a notable addition to Library of American Biography.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Algonk" and Its Round Tablers

***"Blessed Are the Debonair," by Margaret Case Harriman** (Rinehart. 254 pp. $3.50), offers more recollections by the daughter of the famous host of New York's Algonquin Hotel of the celebrities who haunted its halls. Our reviewer is Joe Alex Morris, whose latest book is "What A Year!" an account of 1929.*

By Joe Alex Morris

TO MOST New Yorkers the Algonquin is an unusual hotel near the theatrical district, but to the Cases—Papa Frank and Daughter Margaret—it was long the center of the universe and a kind of literary gold mine thickly studded with nuggets named Helen Hayes, Robert Sherwood, Noel Coward, Alexander Woollcott, Dorothy Parker, Beatrice Lillie, Ernest Hemingway, Robert Benchley, and . . . and—How many rooms with bath are there at the Algonquin, anyway?

In the 1920s Mr. Case's extraordinary inn—known to the inner circle as "The Algonk"—was the gathering place for the most famous, the most glamorous, and, sometimes, the most vicious literary and theatrical figures of America and Europe. They fitted into its dark, old-fashioned decor as if it were a stage set and into its creaking, old-fashioned elevator as if it were a rush-hour subway train to Flatbush. They gathered to be seen and heard, to congratulate or commiserate with each other in the darkly comfortable lounge, in the excellent restaurant, and, if they met the literary snob test, at the Round Table, where the most calculated witticisms of the era were launched for a select audience that could be counted on to preserve them for posterity.

Such was the background—oozing charm, gaiety, and stabs-in-the-back—of the Algonquin literary lode. Papa Case dug out many priceless nuggets when he wrote a book of recollections about famous patrons prior to his death in 1946. Daughter Margaret Case Harriman mined a rich vein later when she wrote "The Vicious Circle," an account of the zany sayings and doings of illustrious members of the Round Table luncheon club. Two such deep excavations might have been expected to exhaust even the richest gold mine. But now Mrs. Harriman has used her pick and shovel again and returned to the surface with "Blessed Are the Debonair," which merely demonstrates that the Comstock lode was peanuts compared to the riches beyond the 44th Street portal of the Algonquin.

Experts assaying Mrs. Harriman's new haul may sometimes feel that the nuggets are getting a little shopworn, but there are so many of them—famous names are outnumbered only by punctuation marks on these pages—and the author skilfully polishes them to such sparkling brilliance that nobody is likely to complain. "Blessed Are the Debonair" basically is Mrs. Harriman's story of her life and Times Square, with a cast of characters that would awe even the producer of a television spectacular.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drew were a small girl's dream of sophistication as they swept across the Algonquin lobby. Richard Harding Davis gave her the dispatch case he had carried to the wars. Irvin S. Cobb inscribed a book to "my small friend." The Marx brothers decorated her Christmas tree. Ann Pennington borrowed her clothes to wear to a costume party. Douglas Fairbanks came to luncheon at the Case summer home in his undershirt.

Elsie Janis let Margaret stand in the stage wings during matinees. John Barrymore convinced her that her first "crush"—on an actor she hadn't met—was a mistake. De Wolfe Hopper demonstrated to her that he could keep his wig on while swimming backward under water. Katharine Cornell, a shy young girl, asked her for one lump of sugar in her tea. Paul Whiteman personally led the orchestra at her coming-out party. Rudolph

Valentino personally supervised her screen test for a part that eventually went to Doris Kenyon. Frank Crowninshield gave her a job as drama editor on *Vanity Fair*, where she feuded with Clare Boothe Brokaw Luce in a manner worthy of "The Women."

ALL of this—and a great deal more—Mrs. Harriman relates in the brilliantly brittle style that brought her success as a writer on *The New Yorker* and other magazines. She has a great deal to say about her father, whose charm haunts the pages of this book so doggedly that the author even conjures up a couple of real-life ghost stories about him. She explains with considerable acidity the history of her marriages to and divorces from Morgan Morgan, a wealthy stock broker, and Jack Harriman, an impecunious investment counselor. She frequently pats the backs of her friends with delightful stories about their clever remarks, but she seems to enjoy her work far more when she is patting the back of an enemy with a razor-sharp stiletto. Nobody is likely to mistake Mrs. Harriman for a kindly or sentimental observer of the passing scene unless a member of the Case family is occupying the center of the stage—and even Cases are advised to keep their guard up.

"Blessed Are the Debonair" struggles through occasional passages that are as slow as the Algonquin's creaking elevator, but generally it is a lively, biting, and often fascinating memoir of an extravagant era in American life. The habitues of The Algonk were a large and remarkable crowd. Mrs. Harriman knew them all—many of them with their hair down

(*Continued on page 28*)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1165)

(ARTHUR WILLIAM) PEACH:
(TO A) YOUNG THRUSH PRACTICING

But who am I to warn you,
You with your harp beginning
To search for the hidden music
Of a summer's singing?
From key to key progressing
You'll sing through evenings long
Beyond all mortal teaching
The perfect song.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

—Bernice B. Perry.

Henrietta Buckmaster—"fresh insights."

Michel de Saint Pierre—"lively style."

Paul the Great Apostle

"And Walk in Love," by Henrietta Buckmaster *(Random House. 404 pp. $3.95), retells the story of the Apostle Paul in a new historical novel.*

By Edmund Fuller

BOTH beauty and majesty characterize Henrietta Buckmaster's novel about the Apostle Paul. It is her finest work, a high blend of artistry with historical re-creation, wholly unlike the pseudo-Biblical travesties that glut the market each season.

Miss Buckmaster's central purpose, she tells us, is "to revisualize in some measure the simple and overwhelming facts of early Christianity and try to place them against their natural background." In achieving this she has projected for us a coherent, well-realized Paul, whom we can conceive as the great Apostle to the Gentiles in the immense drama of the founding of the primitive Christian Church.

She makes Stephen, the first martyr, a former intimate of Saul of Tarsus. A Judas-like betrayal of Stephen by Saul lends force to the stoning at which Saul stands by. After the conversion on the Damascus road this haunting memory adds poignancy to Saul's general guilt.

Miss Buckmaster focuses attention upon his struggle with the Judaizers, especially the gentle but stern James, who feels that the ancient Law and Covenant must be upheld. To Paul, conscious of a mission to the Gentiles, James's way would frustrate their Master's purpose by making Christianity a sect of Judaism. Yet he recognizes that this inescapable conflict is already a seed of divisiveness.

The challenge of Saul-Paul's complexity has been met with success. We are able to share the inner, as well as outer, perils and torments of this epochal evangelism, Paul's own crises of the soul, his yearning to be "free from the body of this death." Of the terrible difficulty of this mission Miss Buckmaster remarks in a note: "The world on which Christianity dawned was a violent, sensual, and enslaved world, and the Christians had to array their profound verities against these honored evils." She conjures this world into vivid life: Pisidian Antioch, Galatia, Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, Ephesus, Jerusalem.

Peter, compelled with occasional reluctance to sustain Paul, and Silas, Barnabas, Titus, Timothy, Luke, all are major actors. The writing of the letters is well handled, notably in the moving episode of the brief epistle to Philemon about the slave Onesimus.

Though she shows Paul bent upon the journey to Rome, Miss Buckmaster closes with his appeal to Caesar, before Agrippa, tracing the rest in a brief epilogue.

I have read many novels about Paul. "And Walk in Love" is the only one worthy to stand in its own right beside Sholem Asch's "The Apostle." Prompted to reread the latter I still regard it as the greatest of them all. Yet Miss Buckmaster has written a novel of outstanding merit and fresh insights. It should be welcomed widely.

Past Glory

"The Aristocrats," by Michel de Saint Pierre *(translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury. E. P. Dutton. 253 pp. $3.50), is a story of European aristocrats struggling to maintain their privileged sanctuaries against the onslaughts of parvenus.*

By Otis Fellows

AMONG the French the novels of umpty-year-old Michel de Saint Pierre are well esteemed and "The Aristocrats," his first to be translated into English, is most highly esteemed of all. This is in large part because of M. de Saint Pierre's gift for delineating in bold relief characters moving about in social rigidity against a background both picturesque and plausible. It is all the more fascinating because the novel is also a convincing study of the closed-class system dominated by a compelling sense of tradition, with those to the manner born struggling to guard their prerogatives against the encroachments of the parvenu. The desire to seek status and advancement on the ladder of social values is as old as civilization itself, and European aristocracy has long represented a model of achievement. Even "classless" America is susceptible, M. de Saint Pierre suggests with a touch of irony, as one of his personages, pointing out a sort of coat of arms on the steering wheel of a long, fat Buick, comments, "Everyone needs a bit of heraldry sooner or later."

The plot of "The Aristocrats" unfolds in and around a medieval castle in Burgundy in midsummer of 1953. One might say, however, that the action has been ripening for a thousand years in this seignorial manor of ancestral portraits and threadbare carpets.

"It takes centuries to make a name," reflects the Marquis, a widower of fifty-five and lord of the Chateau de Maubrun, where nobility, lineage, and aristocratic ideals are still as pervasive as in the days of Saint Louis, Cardinal Richelieu, and Louis XIV. And as befits one of high birth, the Marquis is a hard, violent, masterful man whose six sons and lone daughter, Daisy, must not be allowed to forget that his authority as father and aristocrat is sacred, since it is derived from God. Hunting, horsemanship, surveillance over tenant farmers, maintenance of dignity despite crushing taxes and debts, and annual visits to a charming mistress in Paris are all noble pursuits.

Not so is Daisy's deplorable interest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Prince de Conti, whose glittering title is merely a second generation hand-me-down conferred by the ex-King of Montenegro. For this lack of "noblesse oblige," with pride too strong and blood too old in a fragile body, the girl must bear the brunt of her father's inflexibility. His own Nemesis appears, however, in the form of the young and beautiful commoner Jeanne Dupré.

The novel is a conscious anachronism, a gentle rehabilitation of a grandeur that is past. There is wit here, and sympathetic understanding and a lively style that carries over well in Geoffrey Sainbury's expert translation. If the book is not profound, not psychologically complex, not great literature, it is, nevertheless, extremely agreeable reading, and that in itself is sufficient justification for its having been written.

MINOTAUR'S MAZE: Approaching her subject with a narrative obliquity which just manages to reveal more than it conceals, Elizabeth Fenwick, in a third novel called **"Days of Plenty"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), endows with authority a story which in its crude outline might have been sponsored on the radio by a soap manufacturer. It centers on the tug of war between a wealthy, wilful old man and a defenseless woman whom his son had married and deserted fifteen years ago. The object of their struggle is the fruit of that union, a daughter named Dana in whose thoroughbred traits her egotistic grandfather sees the continuation of his own personal blood line. More than casually involved participants are Eddie, the mother's loyal and patient suitor, who has been a father-surrogate to Dana, and mulish old Bessie, a lonely friend from the days of Dana's infancy who has come as a visitor to the summer cottage from which Dana, like an Athenian maiden to the Minotaur's maze, goes forth once each week to a ritual luncheon with her grandfather, at the termination of which he puts into her hand the money which now supports them.

It is a time of reckoning for all concerned, and Dana, not fully emerged from the innocent candor of childhood, yet trying to entrap her approaching identity in the gossamer net of her young comprehension, is able to help add up the figures. The sum they come to is not a very definite one, but in the course of their efforts to arrive at it their relationships and responsibilities have been evaluated and clarified, old bonds dissolved and new ones made. Throughout the reader has been exposed to a modest, talented writer who, though unsure in matters of formal

(*Continued on page 28*)

ALBION

The English—U and Non-U

***"Noblesse Oblige," by Nancy Mitford** (Harper. 156 pp. $3), is a study by an English-lady-in-exile of the marks in accent and vocabulary that distinguish the aristocracy from the lower classes. Denis W. Brogan, professor of political science at England's Cambridge University reviews it below.*

By Denis W. Brogan

SOME time ago Nancy Mitford, author of very amusing and occasionally penetrating novels of trans-Channel love, picked up from Professor Alan Ross of Birmingham University an address given by him to a learned society in Finland. From this esoteric source Miss Mitford drew materials which she used in an article on the English aristocracy, more particularly on the English peerage, published her findings in *Encounter*, making that excellent periodical a collector's item which it had not been and starting a row which still simmers and sometimes boils.

Miss Mitford advanced two theses. One was that the aristocracy has a special language that marks it off and cannot be learned. To this she added a number of historical assertions of varying degrees of plausibility: that the peerage is still really rich, that it is aristocratic in blood, that it performs a great deal of valuable public service. On the first two points she was attacked in a rather offensive manner by Evelyn Waugh, with whom, I think, the honors rest. Miss Mitford is a romantic, she lives out of England, her picture of the English aristocracy is that formed, naturally enough, by an exile. If Miss Mitford does not admit that the peerage is less important than it was politically, socially, prestige-wise (as Americans might say), it is all very charming but neither here nor there. A realistic appraisal, for example, of the financial and political status of the family of the Dukes of Devonshire might enlighten her. Her brother-in-law, the present Duke, is a far less important and impressive figure *ex officio* than any Duke of Devonshire has been since the dukedom was conferred on the head of the Cavendishes by that un-U character William III.

—*Dorothy Wilding.*

Nancy Mitford—"start [ed] a row."

"U," I should explain, means a speech form, both accent and vocabulary. Accent can be taught, the speech forms never perfectly; there will always be slips. "Your 'a' or your 'serviette' is showing" is the most crushing rebuff a social climber can suffer in England. To say "toilet" or "mirror" marks you as not to the manner or manor born. And England is full of people murmuring "excelsior" very *sotto voce*. Miss Mitford, Mr. Waugh, Professor Ross, John Betjeman, to name authorities who contributed to this book, have overheard and tell the bad news (Mr. Waugh less than the others). There is a peak they cannot attain, the peak of the Natural U-users who *always* know the right words and accent because the accent they use and the words they favor are, by that fact, right, U.

For Americans there are many points of interest in this book but, *pace* Russell Lynes, few points of resemblance to note. Many of the locutions condemned by Miss Mitford are common and good American usage. They are not U in England, either because U language has changed or because they have come into current English from America, a most definitely non-U thing to do. Other differences represent different social systems. For example, you do not normally, even in sub-U circles in England, expect your hostess to have had any more to do with the dinner

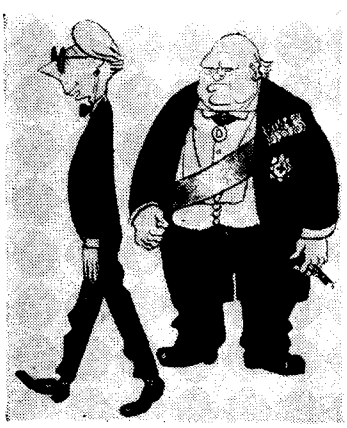
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than to order it. (Today she may very often have cooked it, but that is a non-U fact to be concealed.) So you do not congratulate her, effusively, on the excellence of the meal, as is the custom in many parts of America, even in marginal U circles. I could list a dozen instances of different linguistic usage from this book which have an obvious historical or sociological origin. I doubt if even in Charleston it would be thought to prove anything but gratuitous eccentricity to avoid the use of airmail as Miss Mitford boasts of doing. (It has been pointed out to her that, living in Paris as she does, she must find it difficult to communicate with her native land as there is no surface post between Paris and London.) Since complete uniformity in American and English mores is undesirable the deeply non-U character of the American and the deeply U character of the English social system—its pyramidal form with an admitted apex, the Crown—do not distress me. It is, at any rate, a strange new world into which Americans are now enabled to peep.

But, of course, one must bow to the spirit of the age. Is there any deep meaning behind all this badinage? There is, I think, an uneasy feeling that the old order in England is doomed, that for the great mass of the people Lady Docker and Lady Derby are both "ladies," that Miss Diana Dors is more interesting than either, and that any form of conspicuous superiority is wrong. The English lower orders no longer know their place. The impoverishment of the peerage plus the flooding of the peerage by civil servants, labor leaders, industrialists, even by a few professors, makes the social reverence due to a peerage so much harder to pump up. There are "lords" and "real lords," as in Ireland there used to be "gentlemen" and "gentlemen to the backbone."

WHEN I implied that everybody was talking about U shibboleths I was excluding the readers of the *News of the World*, the young women who will go into a coma or something else when they are exposed to Elvis Presley. Then it is not easy for me to conceive of a really self-confident U society imposing its standards on the marginal classes if that U society is broke. Miss Mitford might ponder the fate of the Kuge nobles in Japan. Possibly only the late Lord Berners could have made their grade, but they did not make modern Japan. And yet I'm told there is a demand for instruction in "kultura" from the sons and daughters of the new ruling class in Moscow. But it will, indeed, be a new day in England when it is no longer true that, as Chesterton put it, Englishmen are less interested "in the equality of men than in the inequality of horses." I shall believe that day has come when Eton has become a coeducational high school, Oxford a graduate school on the lines of M.I.T., and the Labor Party's newspaper, *The Daily Herald*, spends as much money on its foreign as on its racing service.

I conclude with a suggestion. There is a market for a book on the social differences and resemblances between the opulent and the smart in America and England. I suggest that Miss Mitford contact Cleveland Amory, without asking the Duchess of Windsor for a reference.



—*From "Noblesse Oblige."*

"Younger son of an earl taking precedence over Knight of the Garter."

"U" Or "Non-U"?

Which Are You?

In "Noblesse Oblige," the little volume reviewed in the columns above, Nancy Mitford, who is an "Hon." (pronounced with a hard "H"), kindly lists a few mannerisms of speech to distinguish those of her countrymen who are "U's" (upper classes) from the "Non-U's" (lower classes). In case you plan a trip to England (not Britain, which is very "Non-U") in the near future you may like to prepare yourself with the following quiz. The prize: the right to read Miss Mitford's book.

Which of these choices of words would you use?

1. *Mirror* or *looking glass*?
2. *Napkin* or *serviette*?
3. *Bike* or *cycle*?
4. *Note paper* or *writing paper*?
5. *Lavatory paper* or *toilet paper*?
6. *Greens* or *vegetables*?
7. *Ill* or *sick*?
8. *Dentures* or *false teeth*?
9. *Spectacles* or *glasses*?
10. *Scotch* or *Scottish* (referring to the people)?
11. *England* or *Britain*?
12. *Jack* or *knave* (referring to playing cards)?
13. *Radio* or *wireless*?
14. *Ladies and gentlemen* or *men and women* (*i.e.*, the upper classes).
15. *Article* or *jerry, pot* (when speaking of a chamber-pot)?
16. *Rich* or *wealthy*?
17. *Horse-riding* or *riding*?
18. *Corsets* or *stays*?
19. *Counterpane* or *coverlet*?
20. *Calling-card* or *card*?

Which of these choices of sentences would you use?

1. *He's studying for an exam* or *he's working for an exam*?
2. *They have a lovely home* or *they have a very nice house*?
3. *Let me show you the W.C.* (meaning lavatory) or *Let me show you the geography of the house*?
4. *Have some more tea?* or *how is your cup*?
5. *What did you say?* or *pardon*?
6. *I took a bath* or *I had a bath*?
7. *Cheers!* (before drinking) or remain silent?
8. *I'm going to Shinwell Hall* (name of a house) or *I'm going to Shinwell*?
9. *Would you pass the mustard? or would you pass the cruet?*
10. *I would like to send a telegram* or *I would like to send a wire*?

Answers:

If you are a "U" your choice of words would be: 1. *Looking glass.* 2. *Napkin.* 3. *Bike.* 4. *Writing paper.* 5. *Lavatory paper.* 6. *Vegetables.* 7. *Sick.* 8. *False teeth.* 9. *Spectacles.* 10. *Scotch.* 11. *England.* 12. *Knave.* 13. *Wireless* (except in aircraft). 14. *Men and women.* 15. *Jerry* or *pot.* 16. *Rich.* 17. *Riding.* 18. *Stays.* 19. *Counterpane.* 20. *Card.*

If you are a "U" your choice of sentences would be: 1. *He's working for an exam.* 2. *They have a very nice house.* 3. *Let me show you the geography of the house.* 4. *Have some more tea?* 5. *What did you say?* 6. *I had a bath.* 7. Remain silent (or if you must say *"Cheers!"* these days you should repress a shudder). 8. *I'm going to Shinwell.* 9. *I wonder if you would pass the mustard?* 10. *I would like to send a wire.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Grandeur Was in Flower

"The Gay Delavals," by Francis Askham *(Rinehart. 310 pp. $4.95), tells the story of an eighteenth-century English great house and of the fascinating family that inhabited it.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

IN A LANDSCAPE of slag heaps and blast furnaces rising out of the bleak Northumberland moor the great stone house called Seaton Delaval looks down upon a disused harbor, a desolate little inlet of the North Sea. Most guidebooks do not mention the house at all. Only an occasional tourist, consulting his Baedeker, might note that an alternative route from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Morpeth "runs via Seaton Delaval, built by Sir John Vanbrugh in 1720-1729, with a Norman chapel."

Such a traveler, if he had antiquarian or architectural interests, and happened to be aware that Seaton Delaval represented the finest inspiration of the foremost of Restoration architects, might go out of his way to see the place. Undeterred by the forbidding and neglected aspect of the North portico he might climb the steps and flatten his nose against the windowpanes of the locked French doors. A few visitors have made this inspection.

It has remained for another curious sightseer, Francis Askham, author of "The Gay Delavals," to expand Baedeker's two lines of cold type into the full-blown romance of Seaton Delaval and the eighteenth-century family—"very gay, very rich, and very immoral"—that filled the house to overflowing in its days of grandeur. Since the Delavals produced "no Prime Ministers, great generals, or literary figures" they have been generally dismissed by historians as not worth boning up on, and Mr. Askham has been left to putter undisturbed at the Newcastle Central Library amid the untidy rubble of "letters, accounts, memoranda, children's exercises, lawyers' briefs, and lovers' notes known as the Delaval papers."

The result is a book which, though it bears none of the stigmata of an "important" book and is perhaps not absolutely first-rate, either by literary or historical standards, is nevertheless quite a special sort of book and may well delight a special taste. Anglophiles and gossips will love it. So will the inveterate readers of footnotes, for "The Gay Delavals" in its way is one big expanded footnote. Its characters are peripheral people. Studies of eighteenth-century Parliamentary politics if they mention the name of Sir John Delaval would mention it only in passing. Theatrical memoirs may contain an offhand reference to Sir John's stagestruck and dissolute elder brother, Sir Francis, and biographies of George III are likely to include a sentence about Sir John's daughter, the Countess of Tyrconnel, who was for a time the mistress of the Duke of York. But the Delavals, taken as a group, never really made the big time.

One such family thoughtfully traced, however, may serve as a case study to illumine an era. The Delavals' story, on the surface, is the story of a family from its beginnings at Seaton Delaval about 1715 until the burial of its last legitimate male member in Westminster Abbey one hundred years later. As in any book that starts off with the diagram of a family tree, there is a vast clutter of minor figures to be kept in mind. Mr. Askham has dealt adroitly with his supernumeraries, but his is still a book to be read slowly if one is to keep all the sons-in-law and mistresses firmly identified, and there are times when the author's insistence on the charm of his characters fails to convince. Nonetheless, out of the names and ancient scandals a major theme emerges: *Debt*. The word seems the key to the century. Sir John Delaval, the glassworks millionaire, sits like a sinister dark spider square in the middle of a web while his wretched children and kinsmen grovel around him.

IN reconstructing Sir John from the evidence of his family papers Mr. Askham has created a character any novelist might covet. With his gifts Sir John would have flourished anywhere. Sir Francis, on the contrary, stands forth as the archetype of the Regency roué; he might have stepped from the pages of "Evelina."

Entertainment being Mr. Askham's aim he has here adopted the role of raconteur. He succeeds in entertaining; and yet the reader may find that he has absorbed more than he expected about England in the eighteenth century, when the flower of a nation's young men gave themselves up to drink, dice, dress, dames, and debt.

—By Sir Joshua Reynolds, from the book.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval—"roué archetype."

OUR CENTURY SEEN FROM BRITAIN: In **"Life Since 1900"** (Macmillan, $3.50) Charles Furth sets out to portray Britain before the First World War, between wars, and today, and to trace the factors that changed each of these stages into the next. He begins with an interesting sketch of the strata in Edwardian society; but thereafter, except at moments, he loses touch with social history until the final chapters. The bulk of the volume is a catalogue of events, in the world at large as well as in Great Britain, interspersed with comments on economic forces and their social results. Many of the comments, whether the author's or in long quotations, are well worth reading: and Mr. Furth answers some crucial questions, such as why Britain's industrial position progressively declined as the century wore on, or why the increasing suffrage converted even Conservatives to a new concept of the welfare state. But the total effect is that of a potpourri. The chapters lack a unifying subject (even the general focus of Britain) and any consistent chronological development; much of the time the theme is the wide world, which is too wide to be a theme at all.

—WILLIAM B. WILCOX.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board: Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Board of Directors: E. DeGolyer
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Assistant Editor: Eloise Perry Hazard
Feature Editor: Peter Ritner
Book Review Editor: Raymond Walters, Jr.
Poetry Editor: John Ciardi

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory
Harrison Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck
Francis Henry Taylor

Contributing Editors
John Mason Brown
Bennett Cerf
Henry Hewes
John Lear
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Publisher: W. D. Patterson

Contents Copyrighted, 1956, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Fear as a Weapon

THE PEOPLE of America are living in a period of intense anxiety and fear of the future which has little or no relation to our personal lives. In many ways the country is at peace with itself. There are problems to be solved about the unexpected growth of our population, the increasingly heavy burden of taxation, the lack of sufficient and efficient schools and colleges. But our national prosperity is unexampled. There has been a long truce between capital and labor which is almost incomprehensible to other systems taught to believe that there must be a fundamental separation between the capitalist exploiter and the exploited working man.

Politically our two-party system, however confused it may seem in time of stress or the months preceding a Presidential election, appears to be astonishingly successful. No matter whether the Democrats or the Republicans come into power in November every intelligent American will instinctively realize that, on the whole, we will have sound and useful men in the highest offices.

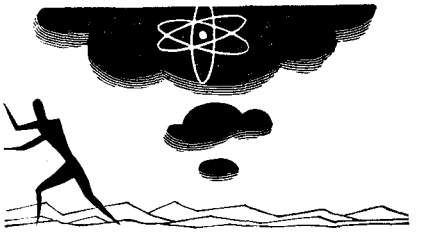
On the other hand, under this presumably calm surface we are profoundly disturbed, to such an extent that a large proportion of the beds in our hospitals and asylums are filled with men and women who are incurably insane or suffer serious psychiatric disorders. Charles Frankel in his "The Case for Modern Man" writes, "We are confused not simply about what is going on around us but about the intellectual equipment we have at our disposal. Old models and old ideas do not apply; we are told, indeed, that they never applied. It is a manufactured confusion," he continues, "the result of conscious distortion and unconscious bad thinking and of a systematic and massive assault by intellectuals, philosophers, historians, sociologists, and literary men on the intellectual tradition which has stood behind the most splendid achievement of modern man."

There are other and more concrete reasons for our present dilemma. We are, in several ways, being taught to fear and to look with dismay on the future. The American press is to some extent responsible. Bad news sells more papers than good news. The columnist must deliver his daily or weekly shocks; and if a month later he discovers that he has overstated the case he does not retract, but offers the prospect of a new fatality. Soren Kierkegaard, the Scandinavian philosopher whose "Fear and Trembling" and "Sickness Unto Death" were the basis of Existentialism, said, "Fatalism and determinism have enough imagination to despair of possibility, and have possibility enough to discover impossibility. Philistinism tranquilizes itself in the trivial, being equally in despair whether things go well or ill." This philosophy of despair is wholly alien to what we have conceived to be the destiny of America, from the Declaration of Independence to the present decade, but it has an appeal for many of our writers and intellectuals. Terror or fear of the future has never been until lately a recognizable American vice. The faith that our future will not overwhelm us can be based on our history and on the rapidity with which we as a nation can move from one deeply-held conviction to the opposite.

DURING the last half-century we have been drawn, however reluctantly, into two world wars and in so doing we have changed the fate of mankind in the twentieth century. Not long ago we regarded ourselves as aloof from the wars and revolutions of the outer world, and a safe refuge for aliens who fled from persecution and poverty to our shores. Today those who despaired when the German armies twice conquered most of Europe proved themselves to be ill-advised. Now for years we have been terrified at the conception that Communism through war and revolution would overwhelm Asia and the Western world. So far the prophets of universal catastrophe have proved to be wrong. The Marshall Plan saved Greece and presumably Turkey and Iran. That extraordinary device known as the Berlin Airlift may have saved Western Germany. In 1948 the columnists and magazine writers predicted that France and Italy would be captured by Communist votes. They were wrong! With the American Army and Navy and aid from our allies we freed South Korea from Chinese and North Korean Communist aggressors. Now we are told, in spite of our firm alliances in NATO, in spite of the twist in Soviet Russia's policies and the knowledge that Russia wants no part of a world war, we must still carry the burden of still greater dangers and fears.

There is, of course, a certain unwholesome logic in this continuing exacerbation of our nerves and by an endless series of alarms. Our military men and our political leaders may fear that if we are free of manufactured terrors we will not continue to supply the increasing billions of dollars for bribing other countries and supplying arms and men from our forces. It is conceivable that the American people are not yet so craven, spiritless, or dull that they need to be urged to save the world by theatrical and artificial fear. Did not Bernard Shaw write in "Saint Joan," "There is danger everywhere except in heaven"?

—H. S.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE VICTORIOUS MRS. BROWN

After reading your articles on the "Battle of the Books" [*SR* June 2] I said to my auditor, who had just reported on the fiscal year earnings, "Boy, check those figures again and sharpen your red pencil. We're on the wrong side of the ledger sheet." He rechecked and I still had to be paid an expected bonus.

Now, what is sauce for this Southern goose may be poison to you Eastern ganders. The fact that I came to bookselling from the notoriously underpaid profession of librarianship may have warped my outlook on income. Nevertheless, when I left library work in 1947 I was drawing $4,000 a year, a salary not without honor among librarians. After four years of operating my own bookstore my earnings from it everage $6,000 a year plus a car and entertainment allowance. In the library I worked Monday through Friday from nine to five, and a half day on Saturday with two weeks' vecation per year. In the bookstore I cover a fixed schedule from one to five-thirty Monday through Friday, and work half a day every other Saturday. During the year I have at least four weeks' vacation made possible by two part-time assistants and a partner who owns one-third of the business. Of course in October, November, and December I stick with that bookstore like a Brink's guard to his armored truck. However, in January two weeks of baths in Hot Springs mend my aching back and restore my commercialized soul.

I went into the book business against the advice of every book-seller and banker I consulted. I had to go in business because of my husband's illness, and the only salable commodity I knew was books. The suburan shopping area near our home seemed ripe for culture, and a cottage-type shop the ideal setting for a bookstore. The occupancy of the space by a plumber presented a momentary hazard. I soon persuaded him that books, not washers, belonged in the display windows. I suggested that he operate out of the basement, leasing the top floor to me. I in turn would pay half the rent and answer his telephone. It just so happened that the plumber was in arrears with the landlord and the next thing I knew I had a lease. Within six months the plumber wanted to vacate the basement, and I was happy to take over his space.

That first year of business I committed every malpractice of the bookselling trade. I solicited library business offering the same 25 per cent discount that two other bookstores in the city gave. At the end of the year when I sat down to figure markup the average on books was 33 per cent when it should have been 35 per cent. Without delay I bade farewell to the libraries, suggesting they patronize a local jobber who could make money on their discount. My most heinous crime was to be understocked for Christmas trade and thereby to show a turnover of six times for the first year when it should have been three and one half times.

My answer to the book-club challenge is in the best tradition of a Uriah Heep. I attempt to undermine that million-dollar Book-of-the-Month Club with sly remarks to my customers about "other-directed" people who must have the stamp of mass approval on their books. "You are quite capable of selecting your own books," I imply (from our well-selected stock).

In dealing with the paperback I am at my cooperative best. When asked for a certain title not in Anchor or Vintage (which I stock) I smile knowingly and suggest the customer try (1) the drugstore, (2) the supermarkets, (3) the bus terminal, (4) the railway station, (5) the newsstands in the heart of the city—all of which are most unlikely to have the title. The reply frequently from the customer already weary at the thought is "Do you have it in a hard-back?"

If my business is successful I think it is because I have kept it manageable—in quantity and quality. Because of the excellent set of books kept by my husband I know exactly the status of inventory and sales. Never forgetting that turnover determines profit, once a month I cull the stock for returns and shopworn books. And as a balance once a month I check the ABA Basic Book List replenishing and building up the basic collection.

As I look at the other small businesses in my village I don't feel like the low man on the totem pole. Of course, the woman's dress shop across the street gets a better mark-up on its merchandise than I do but the druggist and the hardware man get less. My bookstore is part of the American scene—at least in Mountain Brook, Alabama. "The Battle of the Books" is right peaceful down here, suh.

Mrs. Bestor Brown.

Birmingham, Ala.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Never mind why—we're moving to Florence and changing the name of the firm."

LEAVE OLD LADIES ALONE

I was surprised and shocked by Harrison Smith's endorsement of Faulkner's *Paris Review* interview [*SR* July 7]. When I read the original interview I dismissed it as philosophy, but now I find *SR* backing it. Why, may I ask, must a writer be completely ruthless to be a good writer? Why is it necessary to feel that the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is worth any number of old ladies?

Humanity is constituted of human beings, and the greatest writers know this better than anyone. A writer is a human being before he's a writer. He retains the duties of a human being regardless of his art. I don't suppose either Faulkner or Harrison Smith would personally dream of molesting old ladies, but why are they advancing this philosophy?

T. E. Blackburn.

Milwaukee, Wis.

FIE ON TO

It seems to me that if ". . . the 'Ode to the Grecian Urn' is worth any number of old ladies" perhaps it's also worthy of Keats's own title: "Ode *on a* Grecian Urn."

Mark J. Stuart.

New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last! At last! The first spiral-bound book of

DOUBLE-CROSTICS

The new Double-Crostics book is just out. It is the 36th in the Series. It contains 50 brand new puzzles by DORIS NASH WORTMAN.

We hope that the thousands who like to solve *Double-Crostics* on trains, on ships, in planes, on beaches, in hammocks, in gondolas, in funiculars, on tops of Alps, and—even when on home ground—on their laps, will be pleased with this new format.

The idea was to make your pencil-work as comfortable as possible. Each puzzle in the new spiral-bound *Double-Crostics* book is on one page. The book opens flat and is so solid that, in between puzzles, you can close it and use it as a tea tray. (Size 8¼″ x 11″)

We suggest that you get a copy for yourself today and a few more for your most literate and lively-minded vacationing friends. Use the coupon below.

Mail the coupon today. The postman will bring your new spiral-bound copy of *Double-Crostics* #36 and you'll have a weather-proof vacation.

Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solved the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished.

To your bookseller, or

SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me ..... copies of *Kingsley Double-Crostics Series 36.* Price $1.95 each.

I am enclosing my remittance for $.....

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

(New York City residents add 3% city sales tax)

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Approval of Seale

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE opening here of "Henry V" was the occasion for two important debuts. Of most significance to the general public was the successful launching of a permanent nonprofit theatrical organization at Harvard University's 1,100-seat Sanders Theatre. With the standards set by "Henry V," producers Michael Wager, Miles Morgan, and Bryant Halliday—who cut their teeth at the Brattle Square Theatre—and William Hunt seem ready and able to continue to bring the most distinguished young professional theatre to Cambridge each summer, and their "The Beggar's Opera" with Shirley Jones and their "Saint Joan" with Siobhan McKenna and Earle Hyman, both of which will be presented here this July and August, will if performed like "Henry V" add up to a stunning first season.

But of equal interest to theatre people is the happy news that Douglas Seale in less than three weeks has succeeded in putting together a touching and human presentation of a play that many have dismissed as over-rhetorical. As the scenes of "Henry V" emerged from the darkness behind this most interesting variation of an Elizabethan stage, especially constructed for the Cambridge Drama Festival by Robert O'Hearn, the audience found itself participating not so such in suspenseful story and exalted acting as in a flow of human details attached to a continuous gallery of English and French people who revealed their natures to us instantly. Indeed, much the best in the play were those moments that passed in quiet reflection and sunny good fellowship.

These began with Michael Wager's friendly opening chorus, continued through Sylvia Gassell's softly distraught description of Falstaff's death, Stephen Joyce's young soldier who argues so well with the incognito king, Douglas Watson's wise and unpompous Crispin speech as the warrior king, and ended with a delicious wooing scene between Mr. Watson and Felicia Montealegre, who played the French princess Katharine. After his question "Can'st thou love me?" and her evasive reply of "I cannot tell" Mr. Watson gets wonderfully blunt humor into "Can any of your neighbors tell?" And Miss Montealegre hops, skips, and jumps through her role like a startled flamingo. She weaves the French lesson into a miniature dance and sits through the peacemaking formalities looking as if she were bored with all ceremony that delayed lovemaking.

There are other splendid performances in this fine company. Leo Penn's Constable of France relentlessly calls the Dauphin's bluff whether he is speaking or not. And Robert Duke captures both the weakness and the overbred refinement of the Dauphin. Earl Montgomery is testily droll as the Archbishop of Canterbury, who must explain the absurdly complicated Salic Law controversy to the King.

THE low comic roles do not fare as well under Mr. Seale's realistic approach. Ian Keith's Pistol is most effective in his most serious moment when he bursts eloquently into "Doth Fortune play the hussy with me now?" Paul Sparer's colorful Fluellen and Claude Jenkins's MacMorris lack the free-swinging exaggeration that would point up their ludricously opposed natures. On the other hand, Michael Lewis's Gower comes marvelously to comic fruition on an eccentric laugh used at exactly the right moment.

Whatever Mr. Seale's shortcomings may be in working with low comedy, he more than makes up for them with his imaginative interpolation and his painstaking enrichment of story with memorable detail. He has the courage to begin warmly and undramatically rather than with a showy kickoff. He stubbornly refuses to yield the opening scene to flagrant comedy and detract from Henry's all-important sincerity of purpose. When he comes to the French camp he introduces a campfollower, played with a nice earthy vulgarity by Betty Rollin, thereby accentuating by contrast the Dauphin's effeteness. In like manner he makes Henry's reply to the French herald more poignant by having him tend a dying soldier while he answers. And he does not forget to link the king of "Henry V" with Prince Hal of "Henry IV." On being informed of his old drinking companion Bardolph's execution for looting, Henry says (thinking of his unkind but necessary rejection of Falstaff), "We would have all offenders so cut off." What Mr. Seale did not quite accomplish was the constant sustaining of our interest through some of the longer speeches. —HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just like Radio

TELEVISION settings are a very expensive matter. Recently on a Kraft Theatre production twelve uniformed extras stood briskly at attention as President Andrew Johnson's honor guard when he emerged from the Washington house where Abraham Lincoln had just died. The twelve extras were on the screen for twenty seconds. Item in the show's budget: $500.

TV drama in the afternoon, however, is another matter. Daytime television budgets are far from spectacular. The quiz shows, "homey" variety and comedy programs, panels and soap-operas which make up TV's afternoon "live" diet are relatively inexpensive to produce. Eyebrows went up in the industry, therefore, when NBC-TV introduced "Matinee Theatre" last season, an hour-long, five-times-a-week dramatic program—each day a new play. Rumor put the weekly budget at around $70,000 a week—roughly $15,000 a day for each show.

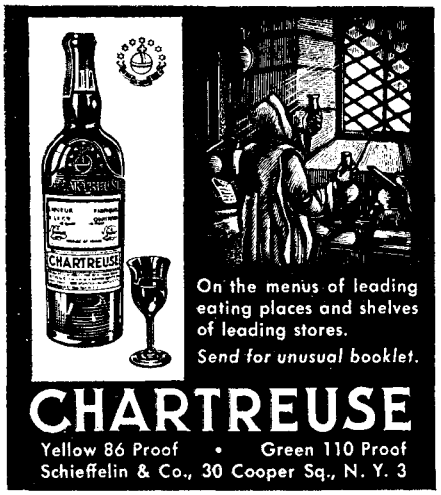
Weaker hearts would quail at the prospect of producing what amounts to a new three-act play every twenty-four hours. But in Albert McCleery, the program's deviser and producer, the network had a man equal to the task. He had pioneered in his two earlier programs ("Cameo Theatre" and "Hallmark Playhouse") a special TV dramatic technique—the "limbo" close-up. This technique requires no complete stage settings. The director, using chairs and other simple props to "suggest" a setting, brought his cameras in very close to his actors, following exclusively their emotional interplay rather than their spatial relationships. Clearly, thought NBC, here was the answer to leadership in the afternoon. Give us, between three and four p.m., at a clever fraction of the usual cost, what we get at night—rich, full-bodied television drama.

"Matinee Theatre" production rate is still the awe of the art—an undoubted prodigy of organization. Its success is debatable. At a recent viewing it boasted but one modest commercial in its full hour. There was considerable after-curtain interviewing and much bill-boarding of next week's log—sad signs of padding by shows weak in sponsor messages. Quality is admittedly difficult to come by, day in, day out. Some of "Matinee Theatre's" dramas are originals, some proven hits from the legitimate stage. The program's weakness lies not in the material, however. It lies essentially in the very device which prompted NBC to give it a big ride in the afternoon schedule—namely, the "suggested" set technique.

This technique lacks what among film-makers is known as the "master shot," the total envelope of a story or a scene, the physical locus in three dimensions. Complete, wide-angle orientation, once established, can stand the strain of much in-shooting. Without it characters in a play may be related to each other, but they lack relationship to the world and they move somewhat as souls in a vacuum. Like a painting without a frame, they are esthetically undelimited. "Matinee Theatre" is allergic to entrances and exits. Characters float, in a manner of speaking, from passion to passion. This invests them with a kind of unreality, akin to that evoked by the underwater funeral in Disney's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which the helmeted mourners make their way eerily back to the *Nautilus* along the ocean bottom. This "no-worldliness" is precisely what separates the daytime audience from stronger personal involvement in "Matinee Theatre's" family-situation plays.

NBC, however, is doing all it can to sell the afternoon dramas to sponsors and public alike. "Matinee Theatre" is one of the big flagships carrying the NBC color banners. The program is telecast daily in compatible color. Radio, on the other hand, never had color. Radio never had big drama in the afternoon. Radio never had so large a staff working, spending so much money on two coasts (West and East) on a single series. In radio you could only "see" the place of the drama's action with your mind's eye. How can you possibly compare what the mind "saw" on radio with what the eye can see in color on TV? But "Matinee Theatre" is having trouble getting sponsors. So do you know how NBC's TV salesmen are pitching it? They are telling potential sponsors: "'Matinee Theatre' is a great buy. You can't miss holding your audience once it's tuned in. The housewives can sew, cook, clean house while listening. You don't have to watch 'Matinee Theatre' to enjoy it. 'Matinee Theatre' is just like radio!"

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.


CHARTREUSE
On the menus of leading eating places and shelves of leading stores.
Send for unusual booklet.
CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N. Y. 3

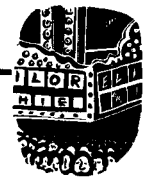
Authentic Russian Cuisine
Russian Tea Room
Lunch ★ Dinner
After-Theatre Supper
Open Sundays and Holidays
Air Conditioned ★ Cocktail Lounge
150 WEST 57 STREET Next to Carnegie Hall CO 5-0947

THE PICTURE YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT IS HERE!
"LA STRADA" (THE ROAD)
TRANS-LUX
Trans-Lux 52nd at Lexington
AIR-CONDITIONED • PLAZA 3-2434

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Almost 2000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free illustrated brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book".
EXPOSITION PRESS | Dept. SR-94
386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
IN CALIFORNIA: 9172 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 46

Film Programs Puzzling?
Complete New index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in *SR*'s "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.
Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to
FILMS
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

It's Controversial

AFTER all the fuss kicked up over "The Man With the Golden Arm" the studios seem to be coming around to the viewpoint that a little controversy is a healthy thing—at least at the box-office. It means free publicity of the sort that rouses audience curiosity, makes people want to see the movie and decide for themselves. And so in recent months we have been treated to a number of pictures on such controversial subjects as juvenile delinquency, alcoholism, fixed fights, and now, in **"Bigger Than Life"** (Twentieth Century-Fox), miracle drugs. Of course, no one has yet come out with a picture implying that drug addiction is a good thing, nor has any film urged either delinquency or alcoholism as a way of life. The controversy seems to rage entirely about the propriety of hinting that such shameful conditions might exist in our society at all, an attitude implicit in the wording of the Fox ads for "Bigger Than Life": "A motion picture so shocking you *must* ask how did they dare to make it?" Chances are that if anyone does raise the question it won't be with reference to the film's "controversial" aspects.

Actually, the film is based on one of Berton Rouché's fascinating "Annals of Medicine" stories in *The New Yorker*, an article dealing with the frightening effects of an overdose of cortisone. Unlike the "Annals," however, which gain a certain power from their flat, factual, documentary style, this film finds melodrama in the story of a teacher who goes berserk on the drug. Cortisone when taken in improper quantities produces an effect not unlike a prolonged drunk—specifically, prolonged drunks such as we have seen in movies like "The Lost Weekend" and "I'll Cry Tomorrow." There is a heady euphoria, followed by severe depression and the temptation to violence. Fascinating as all this may be to read about, it makes for something less than stimulating entertainment.

The fault, I suspect, lies in the adaptation. While the film is based on fact, the writers, Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum, have failed either to make their facts significant enough or their people sufficiently interesting to justify a picture that runs almost two hours. We learn from it that cortisone is indeed a miracle drug if taken as prescribed. This is controversial? James Mason, who produced the film as well as starred in it, seems to have been swayed in his choice of theme by an actor's natural predilection for a fat part. But although he and all his fellow players work hard to create on the screen the sense of a real middle-income family caught up in a tragic situation they are rarely able to rise above the melodramatic approach of the script. The film lives up to its title only by being in CinemaScope.

* * *

A recent change in censorship regulations now makes it possible to put on the screen an entire bullfight, up to and including "the moment of truth." In the past just as the matador was sighting along his *estoque* for the final kill the camera invariably cut to the grandstands and the crowds cheering *"olé!"* By the time we got back to the bullring the beast had vanished and the young hero was receiving a rose from some dark-eyed *señorita*. In **"Bullfight"** (Janus), a French-made documentary, *aficionados* can view their favorite sport right through to its gory finale without the expense of a trip to Spain or Mexico. They also have a chance to see in action such greats of the past and present as Manolete, Manolo Gonzales, and the statuesque Luis Miguel Dominguin, the true successor to Manolete. Their work, often shot in slow motion, combines precision, grace, economy, and improvisation in a flow of movement that any dancer might well envy. At such moments, when the art of individual matadors is being shown and explained—the various passes with the cape, the stances, the proper handling of the *muleta*—bullfighting does indeed acquire a balletic beauty. And there is a strange, elemental exhilaration when the matador finally succeeds in bending the huge beast to his will through his artistry with the cape alone. But then comes "the moment of truth"—or, if you wish, the moment of slaughter. Perhaps to compensate, there is also in the film an extended sequence in which it is the matador, not the bull, who finds death in the afternoon. Superbly assembled from newsreel footage taken between 1895 and 1950, "Bullfight" is an informative and frequently exciting introduction to the age-old art of tauromachy.

* * *

In the opening reel of **"Pardners"** (Paramount) Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis appear as two grizzled homesteaders who are shot down by masked bandits and die struggling to reach each other's arms. Someone obviously thought that this made a riotous beginning for a Western comedy. We then meet the second generation of Martin and Lewis, but the fun grows no funnier. Jerry is a nervous tenderfoot who wants to go West, Martin the ranch boss who shows him the ropes.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE POETS' BIRD-WATCH

Mr. and Mrs. James Lyall Turnbull of Maplewood, New Jersey, submit a group of poetical extracts in which sundry poets mention sundry birds, but not by name. You are asked to identify the poems, the authors, and the birds. Feather your nests on page 28.

1. He sobbed and he sighed and a gurgle he gave.
2. He clasps the crag with crooked hands.
3. In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
   It perched for vespers nine.
4. Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird
   Dreamed of the chase.
5. "You elegant fowl,
   How charmingly sweet you sing."
6. Much I marveled this ungainly
   Fowl to hear discourse so plainly.
7. The smoothness of the morning is puckered with their incessant chatter.
8. Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird!
9. I heard the tune he sang me
   And spied his yellow bill.
10. O blithe New-comer, I have heard,
    I hear thee and rejoice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Jazz at Newport: 1956

PERHAPS the most estimable thing about the third Newport Jazz Festival—or the American Jazz Festival at Newport, as it has been sonorously renamed—was the remarkable level of inspiration and thoughtfulness that was, with a few embarrassing exceptions, maintained throughout its four concerts and two panel meetings. The Festival, which was held during the second weekend of July, had, more than ever before, the fat hand of bigness on it: over 100 musicians played to approximately 25,000 people in the windy, unfettered spaces of Freebody Park. The audiences as a whole were attentive, although there was a persistent drum of chatter from the unfortunates in the rear of the Park who were, presumably, filling in what they could not hear by talking about it. Much of the music presented this year was modern chamber jazz, which tended under the circumstances to vaporize rapidly. And, finally, the first concert, on Thursday evening, took place beneath a steady, cat-soaking rain.

The memorable events that evening were, first of all, the Modern Jazz Quartet, which despite the wind and wet propounded its delicate intense frameworks with sturdiness and force, especially in John Lewis's new blues "Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West." Sarah Vaughan, accompanied excellently by Jimmy Jones, Joe Berger, and Roy Haynes, sang with more warmth and directness than of late. Eddie Condon, wrapped in a raincoat and a brume of verbs (to the audience: "Sit up, comb your hair, and drink your beer."), brought along Wild Bill Davison, Lou McGarity, Peanuts Hucko, Bud Freeman, Gene Schroeder, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman, all of whom performed with a gusto and lyricism that must have startled even them. Charlie Mingus, the great bassist and jazz composer, jogged his quintet (Teo Macero, Mal Waldron, Ernie Henry, Bill Hardman, Al Dreares) through two crackling, eloquent originals, "Tonight at Noon" and "A Tourist in Manhattan." Between times Toshiko, the Japanese pianist, covered in a brilliant blue kimono and a red-and-gold ceremonial obi, played well but nervously, with Percy Heath and Ed Thigpen, and Jutta Hipp, the German pianist, sporting ten-pound pigtails, uncorked a knotty, masculine slow blues that was completely persuasive. Count Basie, who had opened the Festival, returned at the end of the evening and the band moved with enormous wallop and some precision, with the solos of Thad Jones and Benny Powell particularly noticeable.

A good deal of the second concert, delivered Friday evening, was, like an old beer, flat. The stunning exception was Ella Fitzgerald, who appeared, huge and shining in a pale purple gown and white fur wrap, and sang, knee-loose and swaying, with a strength and emotion not easy to forget. A second, if less muscular exception, was the pickup group that began the concert, consisting of Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, J. J. Johnson, Dick Katz, Bennie Moten, and Gus Johnson. A fair cross-section of jazz styles, the group had an overall simplicity and a kind of contemplative air about it—Clayton's horn *sang* and Hawkins was masterly—that was inescapable. J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding hashed their way suavely through their customary fare, using on a blues a new instrument called a trombonium, which looks like a wizened tuba and sounds like its name. The Dave Brubeck quartet presented all new materials, which in itself was highly commendable, but Brubeck went at his piano as if he had a terrible toothache, and Paul Desmond's alto saxophone sounded, much of the time, like strident perfume. Louis Armstrong's All Stars closed the evening with a long, dull set, fitfully punctuated by Barrett Deems rumbling, unsteady drums, Trummy Young's empty, thundering trombone, and, sadly, Billy Kyle's frozen piano (he played a bridge on "Undecided" that, note for note, he has been using for years).

THE third evening, played beneath crystal skies, was a belling thing. Duke Ellington's band closed it with an hour and fifteen minutes onstage, and produced—in an extended "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue," that included an extraordinary ten-minute solo blues interlude played by Paul Gonsalves as honest, old-time rhythm and blues—a bomb that blew the crowd to its feet, to dancing, to rushing crazily at the bandstand. Before this magnificent frenzy the evening had gone along well enough. Teddy Wilson's trio (Jo Jones, Al Lucas) was delightful. Jimmy Guiffre, with a rhythm section, kept the crowd remarkedly attentive with his soft, mourning, low-register clarinet. Bud Shank and his quartet were adequate, and Chico Hamilton turned out, with his quintet, a bewitching study called "Blue Sands." Anita O'Day also sang, but was badly hampered by bumbling accompaniment.

—Robert Parent.

Paul Gonsalves—"magnificent frenzy."

In the first afternoon panel, held in the Casino Theatre on Friday, Marshall Stearns, the moderator, Langston Hughes, George Wein, the balloonlike presence who has energized all three Festivals so well, Bruce Cameron, and Gene Hall proved acute if inconclusive. On Saturday afternoon in Freebody Park a fourth concert, devoted to two young modern pianists—Mario Patron and Phineas Newborn—and the modern groups of Teddy Charles (Ed Shaughnessy, Gigi Gryce, Jon Eardley, Hal Stein, George Barrow, Addison Farmer, Don Butterfield, Hall Overton, and Barry Galbraith) and Friedrich Gulda (Selden Powell, Jimmy Cleveland, Idrees Sulieman, Teddy Kotick, Phil Woods and Nick Stabulas) provided as much sheer, intelligent excitement as was heard the entire weekend. Charles's group played one standard tune and five originals—replete with atonalities, new forms, and suspended rhythms—with great precision and a wonderful, deep fervor. (Shaughnessy, in particular, was superb.) Gulda, the Viennese classical pianist whose originals and arrangements were superficial, seemed a surging and sensitive modern jazz pianist. After the music a second, and far livelier panel, consisting of Bill Coss, Nat Hentoff, Tony Scott, Jimmy Guiffre, David Broeckman, Hall Overton, Quincy Jones, and Gulda worked each other over politely, if at times gaseously, and then, unfortunately, ran out of time.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing a speci

THE WORLD O

The most extensive collection ever published, for layman and expert, of the great literature of Mathematics from the Rhind Papyrus of Egypt to Einstein's theories, Edited by JAMES R. NEWMAN. Presented in 4 handsome boxed volumes [each 640 pages]; more than 500 drawings, halftones and facsimile reproductions

ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1956, after 15 years of preparation, THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS will at last be published in four magnificent volumes. With its publication, a lavish selection of writings by the world's foremost mathematicians is, for the first time, available as a unified library within the reach of the general reader.

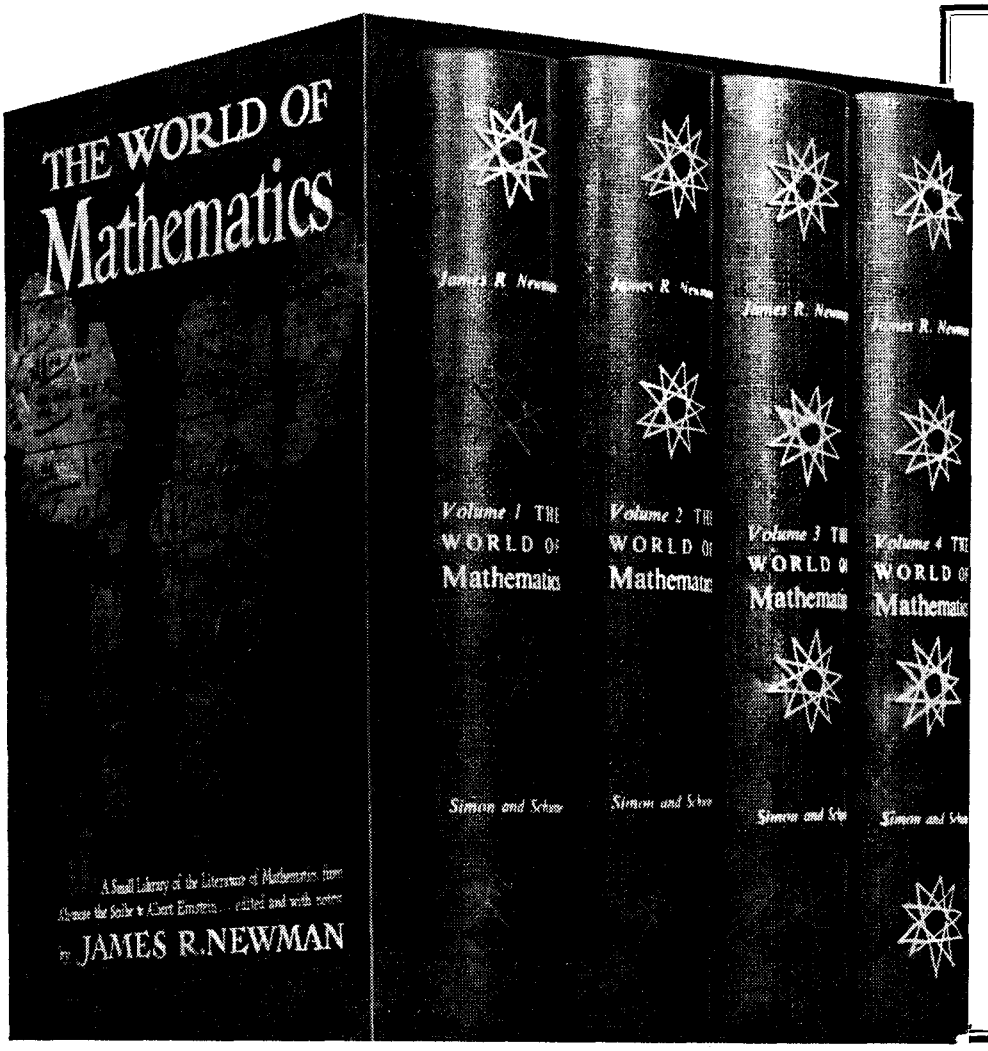
From Archimedes on "Poppies and the Universe" to Lewis Carroll's logical nonsense, here are more than 2,500 pages of selections from a literature unparalleled for lucidity and imaginative splendor.

Included are 133 great books, essays, articles, and stories — more than one million words. All are woven together with a 130,000 word commentary by James R. Newman, member of the Board of Editors of *Scientific American* Magazine. His explanatory and biographical essays make THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS not only a collection but a history of mathem ideas and the men who originated the

From Vajda on Matching Pennies Mendel on Heredity, and Eddingt on Gravity

A wealth of wonderful reading is tained here for the literate, the curiou lively-minded. See Ronald A. Fisher' *Mathematics of a Lady Tasting Tea.* George Bernard Shaw on *The Vice of bling and the Virtue of Insurance.*

Do you know what the smallest th the Universe is? The biggest? The fa The slowest? Read D'Arcy Thompso say, *On Magnitude.* From Vajda's ess *Matching Pennies* and Von Neumann' sic "Theory of Games" to the mathe of music — even the mathematics of metaphysics, and golf—*every field of mathematical thought is represented.*


THE WORLD OF
Mathematics
Volume 1 THE WORLD OF Mathematics
Volume 2 THE WORLD OF Mathematics
Volume 3 THE WORLD OF Mathematics
Volume 4 THE WORLD OF Mathematics
Simon and Schuster
A Small Library of the Literature of Mathematics from Aleamus the Scribe to Albert Einstein . . . edited and with notes
by JAMES R. NEWMAN

Partial Conten

I. GENERAL SURVEY — P.E.B. Jourdain *Nature of Mathematics.*

II. HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL - bert Westren Turnbull: *The Great Mat ticians;* James R. Newman: *The Rhind rus;* Plutarch: *Archimedes;* Sir Oliver L *Johann Kepler;* René Descartes: *Geor* PLUS selections by Alfred North Whit Eric Temple Bell, Bishop Berkeley, John nard Keynes, and 6 others.

III. ARITHMETIC, NUMBERS AND THE A COUNTING — Archimedes: *Poppy Seed The Universe;* W. W. Rouse Ball: *Calcu Prodigies;* Sir Isaac Newton: *The Bi Theorem;* Richard Dedekind: *Irrational bers;* PLUS selections by Bertrand R O. Koehler, 3 others.

IV. MATHEMATICS OF SPACE AND MOT William Kingdon Clifford: *The Scien Space, The Space Theory of Matter;* hard Euler: *The Seven Bridges Königs A Famous Problem;* Morris Kline: *Pro Geometry;* Hermann Weyl: *Symmetry;* Panofsky: *Dürer as a Mathematician;* selections by 5 others.

V. MATHEMATICS AND THE PHYSICAL W — Galileo: *Mathematics of Motion;* H. Moseley: *Atomic Numbers;* C. V. Boys *Soap Bubble;* Gregor Mendel: *Mathe of Heredity;* Clement V. Durell: *The Relativity;* PLUS selections by Sir W Bragg, Erwin Schrödinger, 15 others.

VI. MATHEMATICS AND THE SOCIAL ENCES — Thomas Robert Malthus: *Mat ics of Wealth;* Lewis Fry Richardson: *istics of Deadly Quarrels;* Leonid Hu *On the Theory of Games;* 7 others.

VII. THE LAWS OF CHANCE — Pierre de LaPlace: *Concerning Probability;* C Sanders Peirce: *The Red and The*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pre-publication Offer on

MATHEMATICS

"Simple" Arithmetic and the Theory of Relativity

). Koehler's report on birds "who learned hink in un-named numbers" gives you a sh, out-of-the-way view of "simple" nting and thought processes.

. B. S. Haldane's celebrated essay, *On ng The Right Size*, leads you from a conplation of mice (to whom "gravity pre- ts practically no danger") to a new basis judging systems of government.

C. V. Boys discourses on the delicate hitecture of the soap bubble.

The mathematics of space and motion l the physical world is presented in the tings of Galileo. Helmholtz, and others. d one of the prizes of the collection is best popular explanation ever offered of lativity — C. V. Durell's.

As a springboard to the understanding l enjoyment of mathematical thought. two basic books are included in full: P. E. B. Jourdain's *The Nature of Mathematics* (long out of print) and Herbert Westren Turnbull's *The Great Mathematicians* (not otherwise available in America). Together they form a brilliant prelude to the 131 essays, articles, demonstrations, and mathematical diversions that follow. (See partial contents.)

Special First-Edition
PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER

A work of the size and scope of THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS — utilizing the finest printing, paper, and binding — would ordinarily be priced at $50 or more. However, advance enthusiasm has encouraged the publishers to plan an unusually large first printing. It is hoped in this way the retail price of four volumes, boxed and stamped in gold, may be brought down to $20.

In order to build up the size of the first printing, and reduce the cost per set, we are accepting advance reservations from readers of this announcement. In return for helping us increase the size of this printing by entering your reservation now, you will receive the complete set at a special pre-publication price of only $14.95.

How to Take Advantage of This Offer

By mailing the special reservation coupon below you are assured of a first-edition set of THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS at the pre-publication price. Copies ordered in this way will come to you as soon as they are off the press. *They will be billed to you at the special price of only $14.95 even if the final price turns out to be higher than we now anticipate.*

We believe you will want to have this distinguished work not only for yourself, your children, and their heirs, but as a Christmas present for someone to whom you wish, this year, to give a princely gift. We urge you to mail the Reservation Coupon and take advantage of the savings on what is certain to be one of the most wished-for presents of 1956. (This offer expires Sept. 25, 1956.)

est Nagel: *The Meaning of Probability*; ri Poincaré: *Chance*; 3 others.

. STATISTICS AND THE DESIGN OF EXIMENTS — Jacob Bernoulli: *The Law of ge Numbers*; L. C. Tippett: *Sampling and idard Error*; M. J. Moroney: *On the Aver- and Scatter*; PLUS selections by G. B. w, John Graunt, Edmund Halley, Sir Ron- A. Fisher.

THE SUPREME ART OF ABSTRACTION: UP THEORY — Cassius J. Keyser: *The up Concept*; Sir Arthur S. Eddington: *Theory of Groups.*

THE MATHEMATICS OF INFINITY — Ber- d Russell: *Mathematics and the Meta- sicians*; Hans Hahn: *Infinity.*

MATHEMATICAL TRUTH AND THE STRUCE OF MATHEMATICS — Carl G. Hempel: *the Nature of Mathematical Truth*: Ray- d L. Wilder: *The Axiomatic Method*; selections by Oswald Veblen, Richard Mises, 3 others.

THE MATHEMATICAL WAY OF THINKING harles Sanders Peirce: *The Essence of hematics*; Ernst Mach: *The Economy of ace*; Norman Campbell: *Measurement*; selections by James J. Sylvester, Her- n Weyl.

MATHEMATICS AND LOGIC — George e: *The Mathematical Analysis of Logic*; st Nagel: *Symbolic Notation; Haddocks' and the Dog-Walking Ordinance*; 2 rs.

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF MATHEICS — Edward Kasner and James R. man: *Paradox Lost and Paradox Re- ed*; Hans Hahn: *The Crisis in Intuition.*

BECOMING ONE'S OWN MATHEMATI- I — G. Polya: *How to Solve It.*

XVI. THE VOCABULARY OF MATHEMATICS — Edward Kasner and James R. Newman: *New Names for Old.*

XVII. MATHEMATICS AS AN ART — John W. N. Sullivan: *Mathematics as an Art.*

XVIII. THE MATHEMATICIAN EXPLAINS HIMSELF — G. H. Hardy: *A Mathematician's Apology*: Henri Poincaré: *Mathematical Creation; How Ideas Are Born*; John von Neumann: *The Mathematician.*

XIX. VARIOUS CLEVER MACHINES—John von Neumann: *Theory of Automata*: A. M. Turing: *Can a Machine Think?*; Claude Shannon: *A Chess-Playing Machine.*

XX. THE UNGENTLE USES OF MATHEMATICS — F. W. Lanchester: *Mathematics in Warfare*: Morse and Kimball: *How to Hunt a Submarine.*

XXI. A MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF ART — G. D. Birkhoff: *The Mathematics of Aesthetics.*

XXII. MATHEMATICS AND MORALITY—G. D. Birkhoff: *A Mathematical Approach to Ethics.*

XXIII. MATHEMATICS IN LITERATURE — Jonathan Swift: *Cycloid Pudding*: Aldous Huxley: *Young Archimedes*; PLUS selections by Russell Maloney, Robert M. Coates, Sylvia Townsend Warner.

XXIV. MATHEMATICS AND MUSIC—Sir James Jeans: *The Mathematics of Music.*

XXV. MATHEMATICS AS A CULTURE CLUE — Oswald Spengler: *The Meaning of Numbers*; Leslie A. White: *An Anthropological Footnote.*

XXVI. MATHEMATICAL DIVERSIONS, PUZZLES, AND FANCIES—with selections by: Stephen Leacock, Lewis Carroll, W. W. Rouse Ball, 7 others.

PLUS 89 interpretive essays by the editor and hundreds of drawings and diagrams.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill out the reservation and mail it today. If after you have examined THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS in your home for three weeks, you are not absolutely sure that you and your family will treasure it for years to come, return it to us and owe nothing. Otherwise, we shall bill you at the special pre-publication price. Mail coupon to your bookseller, or: SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. 16, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

To your bookseller, or
Simon and Schuster, Publishers, Dept. 16, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me as soon as it comes off the press — a first-edition set of THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS, edited by James R. Newman (4 volumes, boxed, gold-stamped, over 2,500 pages, illustrated.) If after browsing through it at leisure for three weeks, I am not completely delighted, I may return the books and owe nothing. Otherwise you will bill me at the special pre-publication price of only $14.95 (plus postage) — even if the final publication price is higher than the $20 now anticipated.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone (if any).....State.....

☐ Indicate the number of EXTRA sets you wish reserved for Christmas giving — and billed to you at special low pre-publication price.

(Mail at once to take advantage of this special offer which expires September 25, 1956.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americana

Continued from page 15

—and when she drops a page of famous names they ring as true as silver dollars from New York to Dubuque.

JOTTINGS OF A SOLDIER: "Feeling that when I have been called to Heaven to join a long line of God-loving ancestors, especially my dear Sainted mother, who taught me to love my Creator and Heavenly Father with all my heart and to love my neighbor as myself; my daughters would have great interest in knowing many things about my life which they had not heard before: I jot down these lines." This is the opening sentence of what is surely a minor classic in American war journals. It is **"Johnny Green of the Orphan Brigade: The Journal of a Confederate Soldier,"** edited by Prof. A. D. Kirwan of the University of Kentucky (University of Kentucky Press, $3.50). The journal, published now for the first time, was written in 1890 from John W. Green's war diary covering the years 1861-1865 and from his general recollection. Green, a Kentuckian, enlisted in the brigade at the age of twenty and fought in all its major engagements save one. He was at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, from Atlanta to the sea, and surrendered a sergeant-major at Camden, S. C., April 22, 1865. His account of those vigorous campaigns is set down in unstilted language, which is all the more moving because of its simplicity and directness. His flair for description brings battle scenes alive, yet there is no hint that the drama of his experiences grew in the telling. It is this very lack of embellishment, together with Green's humane and sensitive instincts, that lifts this journal above the ordinary. Just a paragraph of his story of the battle before Atlanta illustrates the point; "A second charge is now made upon us. Two lines coming in solid phalanx determined to overrun our thin gray line, our men being two yards apart. But with steadiness and deadly fire we meet them. They stagger; they waver. Our fire is so sure, so steady we have covered the ground in our front with their dead and dying. They fall back out of this withering fire but a third line advancing to their support presses them on with them. They come as a death wave. Their fire is thinning our slender ranks and surely I never saw men brave death more defiantly than they." Professor Kirwan, who has done a fine job of editing Johnny Green's poignant journal, deserves our thanks for having brought it to the light of day. It adds, if not to our knowledge of the Civil War in the West, very definitely to our appreciation of the human factors in the fighting. —ALDEN WHITMAN.

AMERICA'S AGE OF INNOCENCE: R. W. B. Lewis's **"The American Adam"** (University of Chicago Press, $5.50), an urbane, eloquent, and original study of nineteenth-century American thought, shapes a metaphor and a dramatis personae which will be greatly and perhaps permanently valuable to students of intellectual and literary history. The metaphor is that of the title, the new man without history or sin in a new Eden whose forests contain no apple trees and no serpents. The cast of characters includes most of the great minds of the American past, engaged in debate about this new deal and divided into three Parties, that of Memory (Calvinists and Old Conservatives), that of Hope (Bancroft, Parker, Whitman), and that of Irony (the Holmeses, the Jameses, Brownson, Hawthorne, Melville). It is only in the Party of Irony, of course, that Mr. Lewis sees true depth and complexity of understanding, and it is in Ironic tales of the innocent hero (Goodman Brown, Christopher Newman) discovering the ancient evil of world and self that he sees the classic pattern of American fiction. This new way of looking at our literature gives new significance to works as dissimilar as "Nick of the Woods" and "The Golden Bowl" and brilliantly illuminates much of Melville and Hawthorne. Like all schematic arrangements it leads its inventor into oversimplifications and distortions, of which the most serious is the treatment of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman as simple-minded party-liners of the Party of Hope, but these faults are the result of system-making and not of arrogance. Mr. Lewis's book is as free from that affliction of modern criticism as it is from gobbledygook.

—JOSEPH SLATER.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tom-tit, "The Mikado," W. S. Gilbert. 2. Eagle, "The Eagle," Tennyson. 3. Albatross, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Coleridge. 4. Falcon, "The Falcon of Don Federigo," Longfellow. 5. Owl, "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," Edward Lear. 6. Raven, "The Raven," Poe. 7. Grackle, "Purple Grackles," Amy Lowell. 8. Thrush, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," Whitman. 9. Blackbird, "The Blackbird," A. E. Housman. 10. Cuckoo, "To the Cuckoo," Wordsworth.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

structure, knows her characters like an observant mother knows her children, and who attends gently and with perception to the muffled, confused tickings of the human heart in quiet domestic travail, where the flapping-shut of a screen door can be as dramatic as the clanging-to of a prison gate. —JEROME STONE.

THE PATSY REVOLTS: William Maier's **"The Wonderful Sibleys"** (Scribner's, $3.95) is a readable, penetrating study of a dominating clan. We see the redoubtable Sibleys (of Middlefield, N. J., and Vermont) through the eyes of son Noah, awkward, kindly thirty-eight-year-old Noah, unsure of himself. "Noah the Humble," as his one congenial relative, his sister Connie, calls him, is one of five children, characterized as "a statesman, a critic, an historian, a sculptor, and a teacher . . . the distinguished children of a distinguished father. . . . If you're a Sibley you have to try to be famous." Noah is considered just the one who has to do the unpleasant, difficult jobs; he suffers constantly from feelings of inferiority, both in life and in love.

Noah's splendid parents built a firm pattern of thought for the whole Sibley clan. Having phenomenal memories they were always quoting in an irritating fashion from the best authors. They had tea in what amounted to a tea ceremony, in a massive house, "buttressed and turreted," and they "didn't allow a Hemingway or an O'Hara or a Caldwell" in the house. Mrs. Sibley is determined not to let any "flighty little girls" upset her sons' careers and as a result one daughter-in-law goes to Reno, another lands in a sanitarium.

It is not fair to tell how Noah at

Affinities

By Adrien Stoutenburg

DUSK is in the cat.
It stores its shadow
in the black loft of
his bones
where his ribs hang
from the spine rod.
Thunder's loose guitar
is in him,
in miniature,
and the thistle's fire.
The world is sharper
for the shape of his ears
and the blue wishbones
of sparrows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Katherine Young.*

William Maier—"good satire."

last works out his salvation and makes a declaration of independence from the clan. Suffice to say, his revolt is heartening, his switch of loyalties convincing. This is good social satire, done with some humor and quite a bit of drama. The Sibleys come alive with all their devastating ability, their maddening domination of others, their eternal "rightness." To sum up, this is a good novel about a formidable American family in the upper income-tax brackets.

—ROSEMARY C. BENÉT.

ALSO NOTED: "The Night of the Coyotes," by Phil Ketchum (Ballantine; paperbound 35¢, clothbound $2), is a psychological suspense Western. Tough sheriff Joe Danzig has a lot on his mind; he must try to keep a pack of frustrated men from breaking down the jail to get at a rover who was arrested for murder on circumstantial evidence; and at the same time decide whether to marry a wealthy, domineering girl or a courageous woman with an illegitimate child. Mr. Ketchum, who is gifted with an eye for colorful detail, skilfully explains the subsurface motives of the townspeople—from gunman to storekeeper—in a compact yarn that features an expert show of fisticuffs and brainwork.

"Let My Name Stand Fair," by Shirley Seifert (Lippincott, $3.95), describes the patriotic role played by Catherine and Nathanael Greene in the days of the American Revolution. It was Cathy's boundless cheer which endeared her to George Washington and his staff, while the ingenious quartermastering of her husband, General Greene, helped bolster the "nakedest army" in the world. This is Miss Seifert's tenth historical novel; its tone is unhurried, compassionate, authentic, and completely untheatrical.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

Poverty on Parnassus

Continued from page 8

fact that certain kinds of poems give a lecturer an easy shot at brilliance. I do not hate Eliot's "Waste Land." Neither do I love it. I believe it to be a very considerable venture, and I do not believe it to be a fraction of the poem that, say, Frost's "Home Burial" is. But Frost by the very crystalline quality of his success robs the lecturer of easy remarks. Eliot, on the other hand, is the lecturer's dream; any teaching-fellow who has read a few of the compilations of footnotes and explanations to "The Waste Land" can milk that poem for at least a dozen lectures guaranteed to stun any group of undergraduates. And, carried away by his own borrowed brilliance, that teaching fellow may have a hard time remembering that he has not been talking about poetry at all but only about allusion and quotation. Even more seriously, he may come to assume that Frost is not a good poet because he lacks footnotes. It is in this way that Ezra Pound, at his best a good poet, is often presented as if he were a great one; while Robert Burns, for example, a great poet, tends not to be presented at all.

As good an example as any of the kind of academic stupidity I mean is Randall Jarrell's belated discovery that Robert Frost really is a poet. Professor Jarrell (Woman's College of the University of North Carolina) was splashing in a swimming hole in Bloomington, Ind., when the lightning struck. Typically enough, his swim was between sessions of the Summer School for Critics. Splashing about in the hot summer Professor Jarrell found himself remembering lines, passages, and whole poems of Robert Frost, and suddenly realized that he had never memorized them. They had just stuck. There must have been an oversized splash at the moment the thought came: "Frost is really a poet! Footnotes or no footnotes, he's a poet!" Whereupon, I gather from the tone of Professor Jarrell's prose, he beat his way up from his own surf, something like a damp butterfly, and fluttered off to deliver the great news to *The Partisan Review* in two momentous instalments—the same *Partisan*, though not the same issue, in which Leslie Fiedler (also on the School for Critics staff) had closed a monumentally stupid review of one of Frost's books with a pained cry to the faithful: "Don't read this book!" The danger, I gathered, was that the faithful might be tempted to write like Frost, and that to do so they would first have to renounce the academic credo.

Nor will it serve to dismiss Jarrell and Fiedler simply as fritillaries. Once they correct for a certain natural tendency to flutter they can swoop like hawks when it comes to scooping up a reference on the run, and they eat their weight in symbols every day. The disease they suffer from is a fear of simplicity. Nor do they stand alone; they have simply been more successful than thousands of other monographers in the universities, and it is certainly chargeable to the universities that such critics have been permitted their influence by the union ground rules of academic advancement. "Publish or perish" is still the law in the academies. "Write. Write something! Build that bibliography!" and so under the pressure to be brilliant the intellect of poetry tends to become simply intellectualoid.

What the universities and the new criticism they have bred seem to have lost sight of in the course of achieving other and admirable insights is the simple fact that once the poet has achieved technical competence the badness of a bad poem is always a failure of character. I once sat for two hours to hear a panel of university critics prove that Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" is a bad poem. They subjected it to every sort of technical dissection without identifying a single device that could not be found in poems they all would agree were good poems. And they finally gave it up without having once suggested that it is a bad poem because it is a silly poem—silly because the author's attitude toward himself and toward his subject matter was both jejune and grandiose.

AND IF driving the young into being technically brilliant about poetry at the expense of more basic concerns were not enough, the universities have sinned again by tending to become bogs of respectable conformity. When a "professor" from one of the trade schools in agriculture or education or business administration talks like a pompous and overfed fool that is bad enough, but when the faculties in what-should-be-the-humanities begin to make the same set of noises, then the universities must stand accused of their fearful timidity, their terrified don't-scare-away-the-businessmen-who-support-us conformity, and their incipient betrayal of all intellectual venturesomeness. When Shelley left Oxford he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

announced that all he brought away with him was a valuable disgust. To the rather alarming extent that our faculties are made up of intellectual sheep our universities are profoundly worth being disgusted with, and woe to the poet who marries them in love and for better or worse.

At the same time, I would be ungrateful to my own good luck were I to fail to acknowledge that many of the larger, richer, and thereby more independent universities have been not only consistently venturesome but generous as well. I taught at Harvard for seven years right after the war and when I was working full-time it was a two-afternoon-a-week job. It was no way to get rich, but it kept the family bills paid and it left me large chunks of time in which to write. Moreover, of my last three years at Harvard one was spent on a sabbatical in Europe and one in happily doing as I pleased on a Ford Grant. Since then I have taught for three years at Rutgers, and I am now scheduled to spend my fourth year in Rome on an American Academy of Arts and Letters Grant. I call it princely. And though I realize that I have been lucky I have not been uniquely so. The universities (in combination with the foundations), if one can resist being swallowed into their orthodoxies, can be generous with the one gift above all others—time.

That is the supreme gift because, finally, a man is defined by what he does with his human attention. The poet must keep his attention ready to receive the poem when it comes. He cannot keep office hours, and he cannot sit down and will himself to write a poem. He has to wait for it, and he has to let the world go hang when the poem comes. As Frost once put it: "If you want to be a poet you either have to farm or cheat your employer."

I see no reason for the poets to stay out of the universities if they will insist on being irregulars. and if they will have the moral assurance to cheat with a clear conscience. The danger is that too many of them will cheat the poetry in favor of the employment. Too many of them have joined the universities rather than lived off them. For a piddling salary they have set themselves to be brilliant instead of real. They are even in danger of becoming socially respectable. Even their poems, in too many cases, are beginning to look as proper as Nixon's dog. It is from that sort of empty-brightness and from the manufactured passion that the good poet-teachers will have to rescue their writing. Certainly the work of the best of them seems to indicate that they have learned how to do it.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING? Uniquely personal services: style-improving, ghostwriting, criticism, marketing. Top standard typing, research. Recommended leading authors, publishers. SARA CLYNE, 250 West 57th St., NYC. 19. JUdson 2-1957.

AUTHORS READY FOR COOPERATIVE PUBLISHING but who can't decide which Press to select or what royalty scale (20%, 40%, or the full 100%) they are entitled to, we are specialists in this field and qualified to offer authoritative advice. We guarantee saving hundreds of dollars in publishing costs, getting best royalty terms and sales campaigns. For information write WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

GHOSTWRITING. Speeches, etc., written. John Doran, 189 Prospect, Buffalo 1, New York.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPT! Literary agents 35 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

RUSH TYPING. ELECTROMATIC. Low rates. Paper provided. Expert proofreading. Box Z-723.

TELEVISION WRITERS, expert representation by TV specialist. Terms: Robert Finnell Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave (at 79 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays MSS. delivery all publishers. Editing, ghostwriting, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16. Foreign Office: Via Archimede 97, Rome, Italy.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership, 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 313 West 35 St., NYC 1.

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED, TYPED. Medical experience. Secretarial work. Miriam Thackston, 427 East 85 St., NYC. BUtterfield 8-1068.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

OUT-OF-PRINT

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

FREE SERVICE, thousands of books—complete assortment fine sets. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

HARD-TO-FIND Books located by specialists. No search charge. MADISON BOOKS, Box 386A, Madison Square Station, New York 10.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the book you want. Free search service. Box 197SR, Cardiff, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOKMART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

ANY AVAILABLE BOOK LOCATED. Webb Book Service, 200 East Walter Road, South Bend 14, Indiana.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 33 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

LANGUAGES

Learn Another Language AT HOME with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method on fine life-like recordings. You learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Japanese, Modern Greek —any of 34 modern languages easily, quickly, naturally. It's like living in another country. Complete language courses available for FREE Trial. Send for FREE Book and Details of FREE Trial. No obligation. Linguaphone Institute, T-26-076 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

PERSONALS

RUN SPARE-TIME GREETING CARD AND GIFT SHOP AT HOME. Show friends samples of our new 1956 Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 100, Ferndale, Michigan.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. 5, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 23.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

WANTED: Women with some professional training and experience for these positions in private girls' school in stimulating metropolitan suburb; complete living accommodations and attractive environment. SCHOOL NURSE—to take charge of small infirmary. PRIMARY MUSIC TEACHER—appreciation and singing. KINDERGARTEN TEACHER—for small group of girls. Post Office Box 308, Summit, New Jersey.

SPECIALIZED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING SERVICE for individuals or organizations, by former editor. Box Z-713.

Wilderness Trail Trips—HAVASU CANYON "Gem of the Grand Canyon"—September 16 thru October . . . from $8 per day. MEXICO—A GYPSY TOUR, Southern Sonora—Alamos and back country—December-January. One and two week cycles . . . from $6 per day. Write for details and reservations: WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, Box 45, Berkeley, California.

LIKE AN ORGAN in your home free? Dreamer! Settle for "A QUIET EVENING WITH THE MIGHTY WURLITZER"—Not free, but reasonable. A Hi-Fi LP by Pacifica (a division of Pacific Jazz). See your record dealer.

IMPORTED RECORDERS-FLUTES, Swiss KUENG, Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Largest selection of recorders in the West. Free catalogue. PANPIPES, 1318 Grant Ave., San Francisco 11, California.

CHARCOAL PORTRAIT skillfully drawn from photo. $10. Details, Gemery, 365 Long Hill Ave., Shelton, Conn.

HAVE YOU A SON OR DAUGHTER with creative talents who would thrive in small friendly college? Two-year degree programs in liberal arts, creative arts, secretarial studies. Windham College, Putney, Vermont.

SUBLET. 25 MINUTES FROM GRAND CENTRAL. Brooklyn Heights. 2½ rooms, airy, clean. August, $65. Box Z-723.

GOING TO THE CARIBBEAN? Save money. Contest winner wants to sell his tickets. YEllowstone 2-1063 (NYC).

IMPROVE YOUR HANDS for instrumental technic with MANUFLEX. Recommended by KREISLER, FIRKUSNY, SPIVAKOVSY, PERSINGER and many other artists. MANUFLEX, 2130 N.E. Klickitat, Portland 12, Oregon.

VERMONT WRITERS CONFERENCE offers real help to serious writers. August 19-31. Catalogue, Putney, Vermont.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

LIVE COMFORTABLY FOR $30 week. Nice atmosphere, good food. Hawthorne Inn, 54 West St., Northampton, Massachusetts.

WRITERS' COLONY IN MEXICO! Personal, professional instruction in fact, fiction, poetry. Group criticism and discussions. First-class resort hotel on Gulf with private beach and swimming pool. Ideal fishing, hunting. Year-round summers. American instruction and management. International cuisine. Tuition, board, private room with bath; $145 month. Special rates extended periods. Limited accommodations. Hotel Balneario, Tecolutla, Veracruz, Mexico.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

WILL SELL FOR $150 cash complete collection 37 books for solving rebus and word-building puzzles. List upon request. KAY SAGE, Woodbury, Conn.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy, $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

PERSONALS

ARE YOU INTERESTING? Have you developed a theory, philosophy or technique? Are you an authority on any specific subject? Have you developed or invented something people should see? Have you an unusual occupation you would like to discuss? If so, and you would like to appear on network TV shows, send full particulars to box listed below. All replies are held in strictest confidence. Box Z-722.

LIKE THE UNUSUAL? Be a guest in a fabulous French chateau (near Tours). Every modern convenience. Chef from Maxim's. $20 per day includes champagne dinner under the stars. Minimum stay—one week. Box Z-715.

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES!" Excellent professional, technical, teaching, clerical positions Europe, Asia, S. America, Africa. Detailed information on 200 job classifications; over 100 firms, government agencies now hiring. (Male, Female.) Only $1. Money back guarantee. OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 215, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

WANTED: (In good condition) NONSENSE RHYMES by E. Lear; ADVENTURES OF MR. OBADIAH OLDBUCK, author unknown. Box Z-714.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

SECRETARY-RECEPTIONIST—under 28, attractive—for Bergen County Engineers. Top skills, I.Q., legal or real-estate experience helpful. Heavy work-load. Write details, outside interests, salary, etc. TYPIST POSITION ALSO OPEN. Box Z-716.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

TEACHER AND SON 4½, seek home with San Fernando Valley family. Child attends Kindergarten in North Hollywood. Box Z-717.

VACATIONS

PELICAN COVE—In unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate ocean-front apartments, beach, skin-diving, tennis, fishing, shelling, loafing. Improbable sunsets, impossible birds, balmy tropical isle. Literate, congenial company. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

SUMMER AGAIN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan Food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate, luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

EDGEWATER HOUSE, LINCOLNVILLE BEACH, MAINE. U.S. Route #1, for that MAINE vacation.

MUSIC INN at LENOX, MASS. Close to Tanglewood and The Kroll String Quartet. Adjacent to Music Barn and The Modern Jazz Quartet. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Swimming, tennis, fishing, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

BENNINGTON CHAMBER MUSIC CENTER, Bennington, Vermont, August 12 to 26, all levels of ability coached by 15 professionals with ensemble and orchestra; excellent food and quarters. Write Alan Carter, Director, Middlebury, Vermont.

FARMS, HOTELS, welcoming children. Restful, reasonable. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal adult resort. Concert Trio. Syd Skolsky, Folk Singer & Dance Leader. Crafts. All Sports. Summer Stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

HATHAWAY LODGE, THE LUXURY LODGE FOR ADULTS. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In The Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails. Tennis, handball, all sports. Recordings, library. Square, folk and ballroom dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. 2¼ hours via Thruway. For reservations or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Phone Tannersville 299.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

VACATIONS

ISLAND VACATION ON CASCO BAY! Golf, swimming, ocean breezes combined with good food and accommodations. Ten boats daily. ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeague Island, Maine. (Open May 30.) Brochure.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Congenial companions. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

HOLIDAY HAVEN—Quiet, comfortable, informal—Rooms, housekeeping apartment—swimming, cycling, surf or deep sea fishing or just settin' and lookin'. Rates reasonable. Box 297, Block Island, R.I.

SOUTHWIND, WOODBOURNE, NEW YORK. Informal adult resort. Private lake, Fishing, Boating, Swimming, Tennis. Outstanding record collection. Excellent American cuisine.

ECHO LAKE LODGE, Brandon, Vermont. Delightful adult resort directly on private lake, sandy beach, Deluxe cabins, private showers. Swimming, tennis, summer theatres, delicious food. $50 to $60. Phone Hubbardton—CR. 3-2501.

TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL: Unspoiled lake, secluded location, congenial companions, Hi-Fi music, fine food, all sports, Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshires. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS.—rustic Lodge, cabins—UNIQUE! Folder S.

TARA—Delightful vacation resort Stamford, N.Y. American cooking, all sports, informal, congenial, no overcrowding. $40 week.

ARROWHEAD LODGE—one mile from Empire State Music Festival. Clay tennis courts, sports, folk-square dancing, entertainment. Informal. Telephone: CHelsea 2-2453 (NYC), Ellenville 502.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. Rates $10 up A. P. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

MT. LAKE GUEST FARM. Ideal vacation spot, relaxing atmosphere, excellent cuisine in Londonderry, Vermont.

INTERLAKEN INN—A charming resort on the most beautiful lake in the Berkshires. Golf, fishing. May 14-October 15. Brochure. Write Box 414, Lakeville, Connecticut.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

RARE COLONIAL HOME AND THEATRE of enchantment seating 300. Rolling meadows, woodlands, stream, 45 acres, 5 fireplaces, 12 rooms, beautiful paneling, studio, 3 baths, garage, oil heat, gracious living summer and winter. Possibility school, club. Write owner Graff, Meadow Hearth, Concord, N. H.

U.S. INHERITANCE TAX EXEMPT. Sixteen acre secluded estate, Costa Rica. Beautiful mountain scenery. Four minute walk to Country Club and American Embassy. Ten minute drive from San Jose. Spacious, new, modernly furnished home, hardwood panelling, beamed ceilings throughout. All electric kitchen, three bedrooms, three baths, guest house, picture windows, servants' quarters, caretaker's cottage. Saddle horses, chickens, coffee, cane, vegetable gardens. Price: $150,000. Write airmail: Robert E. Smith, P. O. Box 2248, San Jose, Costa Rica.

115 YEAR OLD COTTAGE ON SECLUDED HALF ACRE. 35 minutes from Broadway. Four bedrooms, two baths. Davenport Neck, New Rochelle. Box Z-712.

ROCKLAND COUNTY: Century Old Salt Box type seven room house beautifully set on 4 plus acres. Modern kitchen, two fireplaces, original wide floor boards, oil heat, one bathroom. Must be seen to be appreciated. By appointment only. BERT SLOMKA (EXCL. BROKER), New City, N.Y. New City 4-2133.

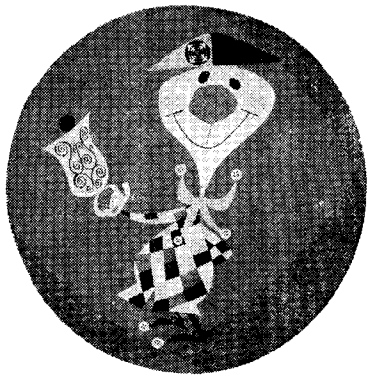
MODERN, WINTERIZED, furnished cabin on Blackduck Lake, northern Minnesota lake and forest region. Excellent privacy. Room to sleep ten. $4,000. Write D. N. Crabb, M.D., Denison, Iowa.

For Summer Rental

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Cool, roomy, modernized 9 rooms, 2 baths or 6 rooms, 1 bath—early American houses. Completely furnished. Bordered by river—covered bridge. Swimming, fishing. Moderate rentals. Would sell. Box Z-599. Pound Ridge (NY) 4-5785.

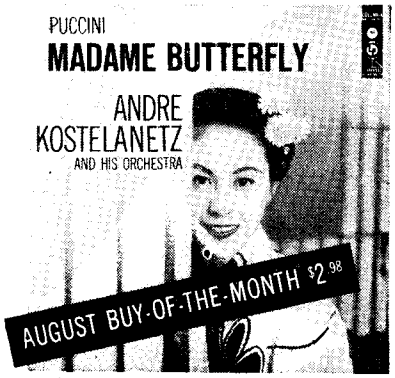
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RING IN THE NEW!



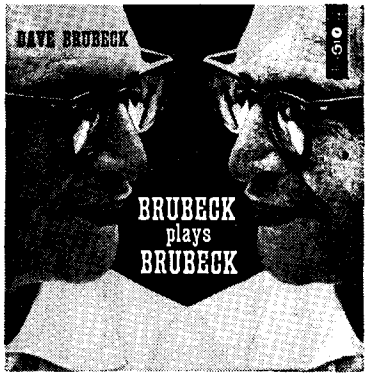
Hear Ye! Hear these brand new releases available in August—all in guaranteed High Fidelity!

Robert Casadesus and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orch. of New York perform Beethoven's **Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-Flat Major.** ML 5100 $3.98

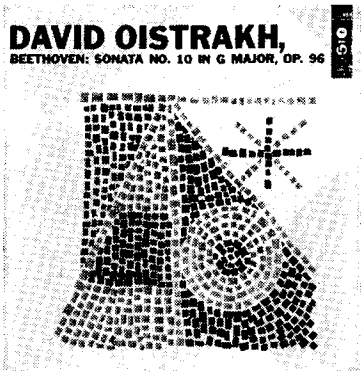


Andre Kostelanetz brings us another performance, by orchestra alone, of a Puccini masterpiece—this time, **Madame Butterfly.** CL 869

...A NEW YEAR



Brubeck Plays Brubeck—a group of nine original compositions for solo piano, performed by the king of modern improvisation. CL 878 $3.98

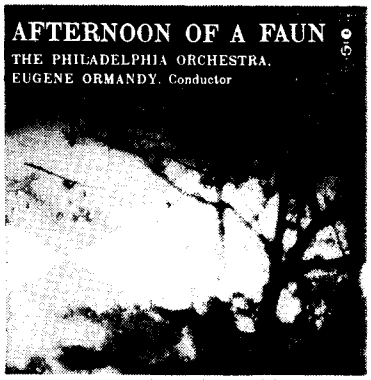


Russian violinist David Oistrakh performs Beethoven's **Sonata No. 10 in G Major,** also works of Vitali, Brahms and Mendelssohn. ML 5096 $3.98

Paul Weston's orchestra and 12 fine instrumentalists heard in a **Solo Mood.** 12″ (LP) CL 879 or 3-record extended play set B 879

IN ENTERTAINMENT

E. Power Biggs takes us on a **Mozart Organ Tour.** A chronicle in sound of Mozart Music played on Mozart organs in Europe. 3-12″ (LP) set K3L-231 $17.98



Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra play Debussy's **Afternoon of a Faun,** Nocturnes and Ravel's Daphnis and Chloe Suite No. 2. ML 5112 $3.98

Guaranteed High Fidelity on new releases means 30 to 15,000 cycle range within a plus or minus 2-decibel tolerance. Records so marked have been tested under the supervision of Columbia Sound Laboratories.

℗ "*Columbia*" (LP) ℗ *All prices are suggested list.*

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

JULY 28, 1956

CONTENTS

SCHUMANN AND "LES MUSICIENS FRANÇAIS"
By Robert Casadesus 33

HOFFMANN'S KREISLER AND SCHUMANN'S "KREISLERIANA"
By Ruth Berges 35

SCHUMANN ON LP
By Harold Lawrence 36

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Irving Kolodin 38

RAMEAU, VEYRON-LACROIX, AND GERLIN
By Herbert Weinstock 39

OPERA INTERNATIONAL
By Paul Hume 43

THE LENINGRAD IN VIENNA
By Joseph Wechsler 44

ORGANS ALIVE AND DEAD
By David Hebb 45

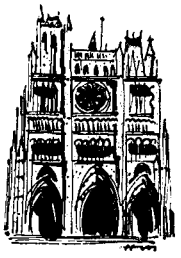
YEAR OF THE TRANSISTOR
By the Editor 46

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson 48

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 47

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 50

SCHUMANN AND "LES MUSICIENS FRANÇAIS"



By ROBERT CASADESUS, *well-known concert pianist and composer, who belongs to a distinguished French family of musicians.*

ONE hundred years ago Robert Schumann, the purest representative of romanticism in music, died in an asylum near Bonn where he had been taken after a tragic fit of insanity. His genius was then recognized by only a handful of his fellow-countrymen and, indeed, he was better known as an avant-garde music critic who held unconventional opinions. His enthusiastic articles in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,* founded by him in 1834 in order to defend true music against fashion's whims and vulgar taste, earned him certain renown, as did his demonstration of a disconcerting clairvoyance in proclaiming the talent of such young and little known composers as Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner. Several years later he was regarded rather belatedly as one of Germany's most illustrious composers of the first half of the nineteenth century—a fruitful period both in the sphere of literature, *e.g.*, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, and Heine, and in the realm of music Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn. He was to become one of those rare, universally admired musicians whose work is powerful enough to touch all men and transcend national boundaries.

In spite of the psychological and artistic differences which set us apart from our German neighbors, we French are equally charmed by Schumann's music, with its poetry (melancholy and exuberant by turns), its thematic wealth, and its fresh rhythmic impulse. His universality inspires musicians everywhere to perform his works. It should therefore come as no surprise to learn that most French musicians today, as in the past, worship the composer who, at first glance, would seem to have little appeal for them. Let us not overlook Schumann's fanatical admiration of Jean Paul Richter, one of the most unusual literary figures in German romanticism, with his exaggerated idealism, typically Teutonic sentimentality, and rather weighty style. It would be difficult to find an author whose work is so absolutely contrary to French artistic instinct. However—and there lies his genius—Schumann, though inspired by such a man, has nevertheless succeeded in captivating us.

In France the tide of popularity which was to draw so many artists and music-lovers towards his music was slow in coming. During an entire generation the *cas Wagner* was the principal object of discussion and controversy and eclipsed the efforts of those who were trying in vain to introduce the lyricism of Schumann to France. But the Wagnerian uproar had its salutary effects. Had Schumann himself become the object of these salon squabbles, his music might have had more difficulty in winning popular favor. As it was, he achieved a more permanent success in France at the beginning of this century.

THE delay in appreciation of Schumann's music can be explained by the fact that in 1850-1860 our country was still fascinated by a more direct and brilliant, less intimate and mysterious form of romanticism, while from 1880 French art experienced the first effects of impressionism. Schumann was one of the few composers of his age who sought his musical inspiration in impressions of nature. Irrefutable proof of his impressionistic tendencies may be found in such evocatively titled works as "Waldscenen" (Forest Scenes), "Jäger auf der Lauer" (Hunter in Ambush), "Einsame Blumen" (Lonely Flowers), and "Freundliche Landschaft" (Friendly Landscape). Are not these the themes of a Renoir or a Monet? Does not "Carnaval" conjure up the paintings of Degas? There is a rather intimate connection between the birth of our impressionistic painting and the discovery of Schumann's music in France. Our own composers were influenced by this music to the point where they were transported by his persistent magic which conquered time and space. Fauré and Debussy were great admirers of Schumann, and only lukewarm Wagnerians. I can recall impassioned conversations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ysaÿe—"sonatas for violin."

Cortot—"trios."

—Culver.

Chevillard—"symphonies in order."

with Ravel who considered the Fantasia, Op. 17, as one of the summits of the piano literature.

Re-reading the writings of Paul Dukas on music, it is evident that in France at the end of the nineteenth century Schumann was regarded as one of the most eminent composers of all time. This image corresponds with my own early impressions. Our pianists often played his compositions, our singers interpreted many of his 250 lieder, and our orchestras performed one or more of his four symphonies several times a year. But let us remember that this was only the beginning. The first complete performance of a master-work like "Faust" did not take place until 1894 and the four symphonies were presented for the first time in their proper order by Camille Chevillard in 1903. As for the chamber works, their audition was for a long time confined to private performances which only lucky connoisseurs like Proust were able to include on the list of events of a musical soirée given in the intimacy of their own homes. Nevertheless, my first contact with Schumann's music dates from the time when, at a very tender age, I was taken by my family to the Parisian concert halls in order to further my artistic education by listening to performances by the great masters of the day. I was especially impressed by certain unforgettable interpretations of some of the most beautiful works of Schumann: Cortot, Thibaud, and Casals arousing the public's enthusiasm with the trios, Pugno and Ysaye, playing the two sonatas for violin and piano, Panzéra singing lieder, and Capet, Hewitt, and my uncles Henri and Marcel performing the three string quartets. But one memory is particularly dear to me. It was 1913, when Diaghilev and his troupe had just arrived in Paris. One of the works in their repertoire was a ballet entitled "Carnaval," whose musical score was none other than an orchestral version of Schumann's famous piano suite of the same name. I shall always remember Nijinsky as Harlequin executing a spectacular leap into the wings.

There are other memories. Starting from early childhood there were evenings which contributed greatly toward establishing my musical tastes. I used to hear, while in bed after dinner, my aunt's pupils working on "Waldscenen," "Kinderscenen," and "Album für die Jugend." I was frightened when "Furchtenmachen" and "Verrufene Stelle" vibrated through the wall; I wanted to get up and play when I heard "Ritter vom Steckenpferd" and "Hasche Mann"; and I closed my eyes at the sound of "Kind im Einschlummern." But above all I was often moved to tears by the sadness of the music.

Later, as a young student, I experienced my first musical joys with Schumann, in common with all French children who study the piano. My teachers believed that a collection of pieces like "Album für die Jugend" was the equivalent in music of the fables of La Fontaine in literature . . . that is, a masterpiece! Schumann was one of the first composers who thought of expressing in music the life of a child. How often I wept while playing "Armes Waisenkind," and with what childish enthusiasm I hummed "Jägerliedchen"! At the Paris Conservatoire where I studied under Diémer, I worked on a large number of works by Schumann. In addition to such major pieces as "Carnaval," "Intermezzi," "Kreisleriana," "Papillons," and the "Etudes Symphoniques," I became familiar with the chamber compositions and lieder accompaniments. By 1913 the Schumann tradition was solidly established in French musical training. Men like Diémer, intimate friend of Sauer, who was one of the first to edit the works of Schumann, and Pugno, contributed much to this evolution. They must have been greatly influenced by a very important work of Schumann's entitled, "Advice to Pianists," whose contents I have always respected since the start of my career.

Thus, it is not surprising to see so many French artists today promoting the art of Schumann all over the world. The performances of Monteux, Paray, and Munch should be mentioned, as well as the deeply-felt interpretation of the Piano Concerto by Yves Nat and the glowing voice of Pierre Bernac singing the "Dichterliebe." Schumann knew best how to express two things so dear to Stendhal: the love of children and the love of nature.

THE link between Schumann and France is a powerful one, and is maintained as much by the performing artist as by a devoted public. A half-century ago the great majority of music-lovers were faithful to the Wagnerian concept of romanticism. In the world of the keyboard a Chopin recital attracted a full house while a Schumann program drew only a handful of amateurs. In the first pages of his "Journal," André Gide stated his preference for Chopin and went so far as to accuse Schumann of triviality! But toward the end of his life he was to revise his opinion and proclaim Schumann as one of the greatest poets of all time. Let us wish that all music-lovers render the same homage, in the same spirit, to Schumann during this centenary year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOFFMANN'S KREISLER AND SCHUMANN'S "KREISLERIANA"

E. T. A. Hoffmann.

By RUTH BERGES

IT IS a recurrent pattern in the arts for a new trend of expression to appear in painting or literature before music. This is so widely accepted a generalization that it might be well to cite a specific instance from the nineteenth century that, for all it has to do with Romanticism, can be regarded as a classic of its kind. As it involves such reputable composers as Robert Schumann, Johannes Brahms, and Jacques Offenbach, the literary name common to them must be that of E. T. A. Hoffmann.

Best known as the source of the "Tales" on which Offenbach's famous "Tales of Hoffmann" is based, this writer-composer-illustrator also invented the character of Johannes Kreisler, whose like has not been seen since. In this character Hoffmann pictured himself as the typical romantic hero, always out of touch with society, eternally visited by misfortune, constantly trying to cope with hostile powers in a cold world of reality. Many of Hoffmann's own compositions (he wrote incidental music for plays of Goethe and Brentano as well as two operas) were signed with the name of Johannes Kreisler, indicating his identification with this literary *Doppelgaenger*.

Hoffmann sent the first series of "Kreisleriana," a fascinating and somewhat self-puzzling portrait of the author, to his publishers in 1810. As it happens, this was also the year of Robert Schumann's birth. Among the Kreisler pieces, subtly suffused with Hoffmann's musical knowledge, is one called "Kreisler's Musical-Poetic Club." The various members are known by their outstanding characteristics as "the faithful friend," "the pensive one," "the jovial one," etc. On the piano, Kreisler strikes various major and minor chords with changing dynamics, describing these characters in poetic, picturesque terms, and is eventually carried away by ecstasy and subsequent wild frenzy.

In time sequence, this Kreisler sketch falls shortly before Kreisler's mysterious disappearance which is in accord with Hoffmann's biographical introduction to the whole series. "Where did [Kreisler] come from? Nobody knows. Who were his parents? It is unknown. Whose pupil is he? A great master's, for he plays superbly." The entire man is a mystery: contrary, satirical, tossed "on an eternally agitated sea." The introduction to the second cycle of "Kreisleriana" adds that Kreisler's behavior, ideas, and way of life, so confused and eccentric, are proof that he is insane.

Proof of Schumann's particular concern with and study of the figure of Johannes Kreisler is shown by his theory that Johann Ludwig Boehner (1787-1860) served as the model for Hoffmann's Kreisler. In a letter to Hauptmann von Fricken, dated September 1834, Schumann writes: "You know that in his time, he [Boehner] was just as famous as Beethoven. . . . But his poor appearance . . . like the old lion with the splinter in his paw . . . depressed me. The day before yesterday he was with me, improvising for a few hours. Here and there the old lightning struck forth again; otherwise all is dark and desolate. His early life now revenges itself. With such boldness and arrogance he mocked others that now they turn the tables on him. If I had time I would write some Boehnerana for the paper for which he himself has given me much material. . . ."

Boehner was a talented composer whose love for roving and wandering took him to many out-of-the-way musical events. He was one of the original *Davidsbuendler*, Schumann's "spiritually romantic club" of those artists who viewed art from its loftiest, most idealistic point of view. Schumann's idea for the *Davidsbuendler*—later woven into a composition for piano—may have had its origin in the story of Johannes Kreisler's musical club. The highly erratic Boehner, who truly might have been *Kapellmeister* Kreisler in person, was a contributor to the *Davidsbuendler* magazine, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, founded by an enthusiastic Schumann and vigorously guided by his literary and musical genius.

In 1838, twenty-eight years after Hoffmann's first set of articles were published, Schumann composed their musical counterpart, a set of eight piano pieces also entitled "Kreisleriana." Forming Opus 16, this composition, dedicated to Chopin, abounds with verve and character and a variety of moods.

The composition falls into the year of the forceful separation of Schumann from his beloved Clara Wieck, imposed upon the young couple by Clara's disapproving and unyielding father. Although he remained steadfast in his devotion and hopes for the future, this was a difficult period for the young composer. Sensations of pride and pleasure, pitted against the awareness of his own smallness and inferiority in comparison to the glowing reports of Clara's pianistic success, did not improve the situation. His only comfort and joy could be her encouraging loyal letters and his work. All this turmoil is reflected in the varying moods of the "Kreisleriana."

About the composition process itself Schumann noted in his diary, "Spent three wonderful spring days in expectation of a letter—and then in four days finished the 'Kreisleriana' —entirely new worlds are unfolding before my eyes," and "Kreisler piece in G minor, in 6/8, with trio in D minor, composed with ardor."

To Clara he confided in March, 1838, "A really, truly wild love lies in several sections of it, and your life, and mine, and some of your glances." And again to Clara, after having finished the work in April, "My music now appears to me so wonderfully complex, for all its simplicity, so eloquently from the heart."

Schumann's circumstances, as well as his admiration and understanding for Hoffmann's romantic spirit, musicianship, and literary work, obviously caused him to identify himself with Kreisler, inspiring the composition. A letter to Simonin de Sire, dated March 15, 1839, would prove this assumption: "The 'Kreisleriana' I like best of all these pieces [his latest compositions]. The title can be understood only by Germans. Kreisler is a character created by E. T. A. Hoffmann, an eccentric, wild, ingenious conductor. You will like much about him." The immediately following sentence, however, seems to dispute the theory, "The titles to all my compositions do not occur to me until after I am finished with the work."

Yet the title—like all others—was not chosen arbitrarily. If Schumann

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did not actually start with the intention of setting the "Kreisleriana" to music, he certainly found enough references in the composition to name it after the Hoffmann scenes. Even if he did not choose titles until after completion of a work, there was instinctively and subconsciously within him the knowledge of what he was expressing. After the creative process, when the idea had reached his consciousness, he simply may have realized the inherent likeness to Kreisler.

From what in retrospect we know today of Schumann and Hoffmann and their period, there can be no question of the spiritual and artistic kinship between Kreisler-Hoffmann and Kreisler-Schumann. Schumann had once stated that "Schubert is . . . Hoffmann expressed in music." With the composition "Kreisleriana," which he considered one of his best piano works, he accomplished the feat himself.

At this time Schumann was not yet aware of a kindred spirit who cherished and shared with him Kreisler characteristics. In his last literary essay on music, "Neue Bahnen," Schumann was to hail Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) the chosen one, the ideal representative of his time. Young Brahms was delighted and touched when he became acquainted with Schumann's "Kreisleriana." Had he, himself, not been an ardent admirer of E. T. A. Hoffmann? In Schumann's music he discovered another link with the favored author.

As a youth Brahms had saved up pennies to buy books, from the Greek classics down to his special favorites, E. T. A. Hoffmann and Jean Paul. Many early songs he had composed to texts of Hoffmann lyrics, and many early compositions signed with the name that possessed such magical attraction: Johannes Kreisler. Above all, he had begun a collection of beautiful thoughts, quotations, and poems, which he called "Young Kreisler's Little Treasure Chest" and kept up until the end of his life. In his idealistic romanticism and his motto, "free but lonely," he experienced a strong bond of sympathy with Hoffmann's Kreisler. Through similar musical ideas and ideals, and the identification with Johannes Kreisler, he felt it doubly with Schumann.

Schumann and other followers besides Brahms sympathized with Kreisler, and expressed in musical terms what they, like him, called "music, the most romantic of all the arts because its theme is only the infinite, the mysterious Sanskrit of Nature expressed in sound, filling the breast of man with endless longing; and only in music does one understand the song of songs, of the trees, flowers, animals, stones, and waters."

Schumann on LP

SURVEYING the Schumann pages of the LP catalogue in this centenary year, it comes as no surprise to note a heavy duplication of his standard repertoire, including the symphonies, piano and cello concertos, lieder cycles, and well-known piano works. Excursions into less familiar territory have been uneven in quality, ranging from the inconsequential (the "Konzertstück for Four Horns and Orchestra") to the highly successful (Grant Johannesen's complete recording of the Intermezzi, Op. 4.) On the whole, the record companies have shown little inclination to explore the unknown Schumann of "Faust," "Genoveva," the choral works with orchestra, and other major compositions of his last years. Their reluctance is probably based on the widely held opinion that, with the notable exceptions of the symphonies and the "Manfred" Overture, Schumann was incapable of writing successful orchestral music or large-scale works involving orchestra.

The following is a list of Schumann recordings on LP. In the case of works which have been recorded many times, I have arbitrarily selected those which stand above a certain level of technical and artistic competence. Inferior or undistinguished versions have been deliberately omitted, except when a point of interest is involved. For the sake of comprehensiveness, however, unique versions of works will appear on the list regardless of their merits, with comments whenever necessary.

CONCERTOS

Piano Concerto in A Minor (Op. 54): *1. Dinu Lipatti, Philharmonia Orchestra/Karajan, Columbia ML-4525, $3.98; 2. Guiomar Novaes, Pro Musica Symphony/Swarowsky, Vox PL 8540, $4.98; 3. Artur Rubinstein, NBC Symphony/Steinberg, RCA Victor LM 1050, $3.98.* Lipatti's performance is a historic musical document and surpasses all rival versions. Like the Lipatti, the Rubinstein version is also an LP transfer of a shellac issue. Novaes does not have adequate orchestral support.

Cello Concerto in A Minor (Op. 129): *1. Maurice Gendron, Suisse Romande Orchestra/Ansermet, London LL 947, $3.98; 2. Pablo Casals, Prades Festival Orchestra, Columbia ML 4926, $3.98.* Gendron provides a sensitive performance emotionally well controlled. Casals, on the other hand, tends to a frankly sentimental interpretation.

Violin Concerto in D Minor (Op. 134): *Peter Rybar, Lausanne Symphony Orchestra/Desarzens, Concert Hall CHS 1128, $4.98.* Rybar's thin tone does little justice to the expansive thematic material. The recording is not up to present-day standards.

SYMPHONIES

Symphony No. 1 in B Flat (Op. 38): *1. Suisse Romande Orchestra/Ansermet London LL 391, $3.98; 2. Cleveland Orchestra/Leinsdorf, Columbia ML 4794, $3.98.* A first-class performance is still lacking on LP. Neither of these is of recent vintage. On the Columbia disc (a recoupling of a previously issued 78-rpm recording) Leinsdorf seems more at home here than Ansermet, who benefits from superior technical reproduction.

Symphony No. 2 in C (Op. 61): *1. Detroit Symphony/Paray, Mercury MG 50102, $3.98; 2. Stadium Concerts Orchestra/Bernstein, Decca DL 9715, $3.98; 3. Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra, RCA Victor LM 1194, $3.98 (deleted).* Paray's brisk unsentimental conducting provides a sharp contrast to Stokowski's opulent though relatively unmannered approach. Excellent reproduction in both instances. The version by Bernstein, who is partial to an even more leisurely pace than Stokowski, is also recommended.

Symphony No. 3 in E Flat (Op. 97): *Paris Conservatoire/Schuricht, London LL 1037, $3.98.* Until recently the only versions in the LP catalogue were LP transfers of 78-rpm recordings by Walter and Mitropoulos. Of the new microgroove performances, Schuricht's is preferable.

Symphony No. 4 in D Minor (Op. 120): *1. Berlin Philharmonic/Furtwängler, Decca DL 9767, $3.98; 2. Detroit Symphony/Paray, Mercury MG 50036, $3.98; 3. San Francisco Sym/Monteux, RCA Victor LM 1714, $3.98 (deleted).* A fascinating study in contrasts between the Gallic and Teutonic in Schumann interpretations.

OVERTURES

"Genoveva" (Op. 81): *Boston Symphony/Munch, RCA Victor LM 7009,*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$3.98. The only recorded excerpt from the composer's four-act opera. Though not in a class with "Manfred," this overture is highly recommended.

"Manfred" (Op. 115): *1. NBC Symphony/Toscanini, RCA Victor LM 9022, $3.98; 2. Vienna Philharmonic/Furtwängler, RCA HMV 1023, $4.98.*

ORCHESTRAL

Overture, Scherzo, and Finale (Op. 52): *Paris Conservatoire/Schuricht, London LL 1037, $3.98.*

SOLO INSTRUMENT AND ORCHESTRA

"Fantasy in C for Violin and Orchestra" (Op. 131): *Stucki, Pro Musica Symphony/Reinhardt, Vox PL 7680, $4.98.* Substandard recording, barely adequate performance.

"Introduction and Allegro in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra" (Op. 134): *Joerg Demus, Vienna State Opera Orchestra/Rodzinski, Westminster WL 5310, $5.95.*

"Konzertstück in G for Piano and Orchestra" (Op. 92): *Demus, Vienna State Opera Orchestra/Rodzinski, Westminster WL 5310, $5.95.*

"Konzertstück in F for Four Horns and Orchestra" (Op. 86): *Görmer, Krumbein, Hühne, Himmer, Pro Musica/Reinhardt Vox PL 7740, $4.98.* The only recording of a curiosity. Even four Dennis Brains would have difficulties with this score. It is now withdrawn.

CHAMBER MUSIC

"Adagio and Allegro for Horn and Piano" (Op. 70): *Stagliano, Ulanowsky. Boston Records, L-200, $4.98.*

"Adagio and Allegro for Cello and Piano" (Op. 70): *Janigro, Bagnoli. Westminster WN 18016, $4.98.*

"Andante and Variations in B Flat for Two Pianos" (Op. 46)—(originally for two pianos, two cellos, and horn): *Luboshutz and Nemenoff, Camden CAL 206, $1.98.*

"Fantasiestücke for Cello and Piano" (Op. 73): *1. Gendron, Françaix, London LL 654, $3.98; 2. Janigro, Bagnoli, Westminster WN 18016, $3.98.*

"Fünf Stücke im Volkston for Cello and Piano (Op. 102): *1. Casals, Mannes, Columbia ML 4718, $3.98; 2. Janigro, Bagnoli, Westminster WN 18016, $4.98.*

Intermezzo from "F. A. E." Sonata for Violin and Piano: *1. Milstein, Bussotti, Capitol P 8259, $3.98; 2. Stern, Zakin, Columbia, SL-202, $7.96 (with Sonata).*

"Märchenerzählungen for Clarinet, Viola, and Piano" (Op. 132): *Demus, Wlach, Weiss, Westm. WL 5024, $5.95.*

"Quartet in A Minor" (Op. 41 No. 1): *Curtis String Quartet Westminster WL 5166, $5.95.*

"Quartet in F" (Op. 41 No. 2): *New Music Quartet, Columbia ML 4982, $3.98.*

"Quartet in A" (Op. 41 No. 3): *New Music Quartet, Columbia ML 4982, $3.98.*

"Quartet in E Flat for Piano and Strings" (Op. 47): *Bohle with members of the Barchet Quartet, Vox PL 8960, $4.98.*

"Quintet in E Flat for Piano and Strings" (Op. 44): *1. Rubinstein, Paganini Quartet, RCA Victor LM 1095, $3.98 (deleted). 2. Curzon, Budapest Quartet, Columbia ML 4426, $3.98.*

"Romances for Cello and Piano" (Op. 94): *Gendron, Françaix, London LL 654, $3.98.*

"Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Piano in A Minor" (Op. 105): *Druian, Simms, Mercury MG 80002, $3.98.* A rather unsteady performance of this sole LP version.

"Trio No. 1 in D Minor" (Op. 63): *1. Cortot, Thibaud, Casals, RCA Victor LCT 1141, $3.98 (deleted). 2. Schneider, Casals, Horszowski, Columbia ML 4718, $3.98.*

"Trio No. 2 in F" (Op. 80): *Trio di Bolzano, Vox PL 8480.* An inferior interpretation of a neglected work.

PIANO SOLO

"Abegg Variations" (Op. 1): *Joerg Demus, Westminster WN 18061, $4.98.*

"Album for the Young" (Op. 68): *Ania Dorfmann, RCA LM 1856, $3.98.*

"Arabeske" (Op. 18): No LP version matches the superlative Horowitz and Rubinstein 78 rpm issues.

"Blumenstück" (Op. 19): *Joerg Demus, Westminster WN 18061, $4.98.* "Bunte Blätter" (Op. 99): *Clara Haskil, Epic LC 3031, $3.98.*

"Carnaval" (Op. 9): *1. Rachmaninoff, RCA Victor LCT 12, $2.98. 2. Guioman Novaes, Vox PL 7830, $4.98.* Along with Beethoven's "Appassionata," Liszt's B Minor Sonata, and the "Funeral March" Sonata of Chopin, "Carnaval" was one of Rachmaninoff's most unforgettable pianistic accomplishments. Unfortunately the recording of "Carnaval" is now deleted. Of LP versions, Novaes heads the list.

"Concert Etudes After Paganini Caprices" (Op. 3): *Friedrich Wührer, Vox PL 8850, $4.98.*

"Davidsbündlertänze" (Op. 6): *Rudolf Firkusny, Capitol P 8337, $3.98.*

"Etudes Symphoniques" (Op. 13): *1. Geza Anda, Angel 35046, $4.98; 2. Rudolf Firkusny, Capitol P 8337, $3.98.*

"Fantasia" (Op. 17): *Clifford Curzon, London LL 1009, $3.98.*

"Fantasiestücke" (Op. 12): *Artur Rubinstein, RCA Victor LM 1072, $3.98.*

"Faschingsschwank aus Wien" (Op. 26): *Joerg Demus, Westminster WN 18061, $4.98.*

"Humoreske" (Op. 20): *Joerg Demus, Westminster WL 5264. $5.95.*

"Impromptus on a Theme by Clara Wieck" (Op. 5): *Andor Foldes, Mercury MG 10122, $3.98.*

"Intermezzi" (Op. 4): *Grant Johannesen, Concert Hall CHS 1173, $4.98.*

"Kinderscenen" (Op. 15): *1. Paul Badura-Skoda, Westminster WN 18183, $4.98; 2. Clifford Curzon, London LL 1009, $3.98; 3. Guiomar Novaes, Vox PL 8540, $4.98; 4. Vladimir Horowitz, RCA Victor LM 1109, $3.98.*

"Kreisleriana" (Op. 16): Of the five versions on LP none is truly adequate.

"Noveletten" (Op. 21): *Jacqueline Blancard, London LL 1266, $3.98.*

"Papillons" (Op. 2): *Guiomar Novaes, Vox PL 7830, $4.98.*

"Romances" (Op. 28): *Menahem Pressler, MGM E 3029, $3.98.*

"Sonata No. 1 in F Sharp Minor" (Op. 11): An authoritative performance is still needed.

"Sonata No. 2 in F Minor" (Op. 14): *Friedrich Wührer, Vox PL 8860, $4.98.*

"Sonata No. 3 in G Minor" (Op. 22): *Grant Johannesen, Concert Hall CHS 1173, $3.98.*

"Toccata in C" (Op. 7): *Josef Lhevinne, Camden CAL 265, $1.98.*

"Waldscenen" (Op. 82): *Robert Casadesus, Columbia ML 4366, $3.98.*

SONGS

"Dichterliebe" (Op. 48): *1. Aksel Schiøtz, Charles Panzéra, RCA Victor LCT 1132, $3.98; 2. Anton Dermota, Telefunken LGX 66023, $4.98.* RCA Victor's precedent-shattering release of these two great interpretations on the same disc is now indeed a "collector's issue," having been deleted this year. Among contemporary recordings, Dermota's rates high.

Lotte Lehmann is one of those unusual sopranos whose farewells were

(*Continued on page 41*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Welcome to "Renard"

STRAVINSKY: *"Apollon Musagète," "Renard." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestra of the Suisse Romande, with Michel Sénéchal and Hugues Cuenod, tenors, Heinz Rehfuss, baritone, Xavier Depraz, bass, and Istvan Arato cymbalom.* London LL-1401, $3.98

SO FAR AS the phonograph is concerned, Stravinsky is now in the happy situation of having virtually no unperformed major works. For here, after too long a time, is a recording of "Renard" to fill in the sequence extending from the very early "Fireworks" (in Stravinsky's own performance on Columbia ML-4398) to the fairly recent "Rake's Progress" (under similar auspices on Columbia SL-125). Thus, if one wishes, it is possible to trace the whole of this remarkable career, major work by major work.

Neither "Apollon" nor "Renard" is a common experience in the concert hall, and it is fascinating to find in them, at a rehearing, "echoes" (more accurately, anticipations) of later scores from other hands. In the case of "Apollon" (1927), it is the use of the orchestral strings in a way that suggests the "original" pattern of Strauss's 1944 "Metamorphosen": with "Renard"—dating from 1917—it is a definite prophecy of the rhythmic and vocal devices exploited by Carl Orff in "Carmina Burana" and other works of the late 1930s. This is not an accusation that either Strauss or Orff consciously borrowed from Stravinsky; rather a recognition of how far the latter's creative imagination ranged through the tonal language.

Both works profit from the musical insight and organizational capacities of Ansermet. "Renard," subtitled "histoire burlesque chantée et jouée," is essentially a *jeux d'esprit*, and is delivered as such by Ansermet (who was in charge of the premiere in 1922). The singers are all excellent, likewise the reproduction; the only blemish is the lack of a printed version of Stravinsky's own verbal text. "Apollon," however, is a work of much more expressive scope—how much more has not been revealed in any previous performance known to me. (Stravinsky's own dryly recorded version for RCA has recently been withdrawn, and I have not heard Hollreiser's on Vox.) Ansermet traces the involutions of the musical line with exemplary understanding, and with a refined sense of balance that provides more color contrast than would seem possible with an ensemble of strings. The recording is especially successful in its reproduction of the deep bass sound.

The "New" Flagstad

GRIEG: *"Haugtussa." Aase Nordmo Løvberg, soprano, with Robert Levin, piano.* HMV 7EBN 1 and 2.

IT WAS PERHAPS inevitable that some Scandinavian singer of the present generation should be hailed as the "successor" (as if there could be such a thing) to the distinctions of Kirsten Flagstad. That the onus has fallen upon Nordmo Løvberg (who wants to be known not only by her own name of Nordmo but also by her husband's Løvberg) may eventually prove to be more of a hindrance than a help; but the curiosity aroused by her esteem in some European musical circles resulted in at least one purchase—mine—of these two 45 rpm EPs in an Oslo music store.

By the later evidence of her live performances at the Royal Opera in Stockholm, the lyric suavity of the voice on these records is already a part of her vocal past, though she is now but thirty-three or so. It now has more of a cutting edge (she has already ventured Sieglinde and Eva, among Wagnerian parts) and something of a tremolo. But her vocal aspirations are clearly founded on the example of her great compatriot. Needless to say, she could hardly have a better vocal model.

In this present instance, the likenesses relate to fidelity to dead center pitch, a lack of portamento between tones, and a high standard of musicality. But even without direct comparison with either of the two fine versions by Flagstad, Nordmo Løvberg's effort is emotionally circumscribed, lacking the artistic maturity to give the words their full importance or to establish an atmosphere in the relatively brief span allotted to each of the eight songs. Nevertheless, as objective evidence concerning a career of more than casual interest, the cycle (plus half a dozen other songs, mostly by Grieg, also available) might well be offered to American record buyers. The technical work is first class, likewise the accompaniments of Levin.

—*Enar Merkel Rydberg.*

Nordmo Løvberg—"lyric suavity."

Toscanini's "Harold"

BERLIOZ: *"Harold in Italy." Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, with Carlton Cooley, viola soloist.* RCA Victor LM-1951, $3.98.

FOR CARLTON COOLEY, now principal viola of the Philadelphia Orchestra, this memento of his long years with the NBC Orchestra (part of them spent as co-soloist with another great exponent of the score, William Primrose) may be productive of mixed emotions; but the mere music-lover will welcome it as one more in a too-short list of works by a composer for whom Toscanini had a particular affinity.

Processed from a broadcast of November 29, 1953, the reproduction is not as vivid in sound as the more recent Scherchen-Riddle effort for Westminster, nor does the soloist have the prominence granted to Primrose in his remake with Beecham on Columbia. But it does have one overriding asset to assure it enduring interest: the fervor of Toscanini, which fuses all the musical elements in the heat of his own temperament.

In the process, the amount of sound produced by Cooley sometimes is overwhelmed by the orchestral mass, and it rarely stands forth as it should (broadcast balance and recording balance are not quite the same thing). However, it is clear from Berlioz's own words (when Paganini, for whom it was intended, complained that he was "silent a great deal too long") that he did not consider "Harold" a concerto for viola and orchestra. In his projection of the symphonic concept, Toscanini makes more of the score as a whole (to my taste) than such phonographic predecessors as Koussevitzky, Beecham, or Scherchen. As is characteristic of his greatest achievements, the line of the work is held in a tight grasp from first to last,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the points of repose always a calculated foil for a climax to follow. And such climaxes! Rarely has the cliché about an orchestra "functioning as one man" been so justly applicable as in the later phases of this performance. When the "one man" in question is Toscanini, the results have to be extraordinary.

Brahms by Kogan

BRAHMS: *Sonatas Nos. 1 (G major) and 2 (A major). Leonid Kogan, violin, with Andrei Mitnik, piano.* Angel 35332, $4.98.

THOUGH CANADA has had the opportunity to hear Leonid Kogan (Russia's best-known violinist not named Oistrakh), he is still an unknown quantity so far as the United States are concerned. To judge from this recording (there have been others, less representative, from Russian sources) made in London last autumn, that experience should not be too long delayed. It shows Kogan, now thirty, to be a supple master of his instrument, definitely youthful in the rush and enthusiasm of his playing, but possessed of a musical individuality for all that.

Kogan's youthful influences include the senior Oistrakh, but he is in no sense an echo of that peerless artist. The tone is more silky, finer in grain, the style altogether more lyric than the rather declamatory one of our recent visitor. Or, perhaps, it should be said that it is more lyric in the appropriate place—the fine, not too frequently favored G major sonata. The A major is also beautifully played, though with a little coarse emphasis on the sound Kogan can produce on the G string. It is indeed a rich sound, and he has every right to be proud of it, but he will doubtless have a more refined attitude about it ten years hence.

What is gratifying about this demonstration by Kogan (in succession to similar ones by his contemporary, Igor Oistrakh) is the indication that Russia is producing musicians as well as virtuosi. It will be a long time, probably, before one can chart a line of influence to account for it, but it is quite clear that the old synonymous identity of "Russian" with "fiddler" (in the slightly derogatory emphasis of that term) is no longer valid. For that matter, though Kogan enjoys solo prominence in Angel's photographic display and biographical comment, he has uncommonly strong support from pianist Mitnik. There is as much give as take in this partnership, which promises well for the future of both. Fine technical work, too.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Rameau, Veyron-Lacroix, and Gerlin

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

Rameau bust attributed to Caffieri.

ALTHOUGH without losing his place in the esteem of historians, musicologists, and harpsichordists, Jean-Philippe Rameau has long since come to be more talked about than heard. Visitors to Paris during the past several years, to be sure, have had an opportunity to hear the Opéra's bedizened production of "Les Indes galantes," but to the larger number of concert-goers and listeners to records, Rameau has necessarily continued to mean "Tambourin" and "Le Rappel des Oiseaux" and "La Poule" (most often in naturally inadequate piano renditions) and occasional archeological versions of an aria. Now, suddenly, we have his complete harpsichord works in one three-record album (Westminster, WN 3303, $14.94) and a five-record album containing the same harpsichord works plus the five "Pièces de Clavecin en Concerts" and the six "Concerts en Sextuor" (London-Oiseau Lyre OL 50080/4, $24.98).

Each of these recordings has virtues and drawbacks unique to it. The Westminster set, recorded by the French harpsichordist Robert Veyron-Lacroix in the Mozartsaal of the Vienna Konzerthaus in June 1955, offers wholly credible "presence." Place one of these beautifully surfaced records on a capable reproducing machine, close your eyes—and M. Veyron-Lacroix is playing his rather lightweight harpsichord for you, in your room. Here are the "Premier Livre de Pièces de Clavecin," the "Pièces de Clavecin" of 1724 and 1731, the sixteen charming numbers of the "Nouvelles Suites" ("Livre II"), the uncollected "La Dauphine," and the "Cinq Pièces extraites des Pièces en Concert" of 1741. From every mechanical point of view, this is a superb recording, and the accompanying essay by Philip L. Miller could be taken as the model for such writings. But—a rather large but—M. Veyron-Lacroix is mechanical too, pedantic, somewhat heavy-handed. His notes, ornaments, and registrations sound right and in their proper places—the musical vitality, the play of artistic fancy, the emotional symbolism are what is slighted or simply not evoked. As a result, these six LP sides become much of a muchness and Rameau himself tends again to recede.

The music for solo harpsichord in the mechanically admirable London-Oiseau Lyre set is played by Ruggero Gerlin. His seemingly more flexible and versatile harpsichord has been recorded with less instantly convincing "presence" than M. Veyron-Lacroix's. But he brings to exactly the same pieces emotional conviction, enlightening insight, and seasoned artistic certainty that usher them into glowing life. Then, joining with the flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal and the cellist Roger Albin, M. Gerlin lavishes the same superior artistry on the five "Concertos," thus honoring Rameau in the only useful way. Somewhat less vivid and attractive is the fifth record of the set, which contains the six sextet concertos. These are arrangements (contemporary with Rameau, but probably not his work) of the five concertos on the preceding record, to them having been added a sixth made up of five selections from the "Nouvelles Suites de Pièces de Clavecin." In these arrangements, Louis de Froment conducts L'Ensemble Orchestral de L'Oiseau Lyre in music that seems unnecessary except for documentary "completeness."

Record-buyers more interested in high fidelity than in musical values will prefer the Westminster set. Those who more specifically want Rameau alive in the round will choose the London-Oiseau Lyre recording. These latter will, I imagine, wear out the first three records of the set before the fourth shows signs of age or the fifth has been listened to more than once or twice. In any case, Jean-Philippe Rameau, instrumental composer, is to be heard again, nearly two centuries after his death, by the flick of control switches. He was a great musical creator, and the news is therefore of the best.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concertos for Three and Four Pianos. Gisèle Kuhn, Georgette Astorg, Livia Rev, Monique Mercier, pianists with the Champs Elysee Theatre Orchestra under Arthur Goldschmidt. Ducretet-Thomson 93053. $4.98.	Kuhn and Astorg may be remembered as part of the group which pounded out two of the heavily-manned concertos on Polydor 78s. Subsequent editions have shown that the music is ideally scaled for harpsichord timbres, but these pianists appear to know nothing of such subtleties. Result: Bach sustains a severe battering under their metallic and mechanical attack. Fuzzy sound to boot.
Bartók: Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra. Westminster W-LAB 7021. $7.50.	From the engineering standpoint this playful experiment with contrasting textures and timbres has never received more ample clarification. Sir Adrian, however, wields a rather heavy influence over the proceedings and the strings are not always so unanimous as to shimmer together in a body. Harold Byrns's lightfooted recording has yet to be equalled in this respect. (Despite double plastic coverings with zipper opening, my copy crackles unconscionably.)
Brahms: Symphony No. 2; "Tragic Overture." Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1959. $3.98.	A logical, architectural mind orders the elements of this performance; the prevailing mood is one of balance and elegance. Munch elicits full and often glowing sonorities from the Bostonians, but even here he avoids stentorian excesses. The "Tragic Overture"—as is so often the case—fails to convince. What, after all, does it have to say? Reproduction is of the first order.
Cimarosa: Concerto for Two Flutes. Barsanti: Concerti Grossi Opus 3, No. 4 and 10. Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Heriche, flutes, with the Lamoureux Orchestra under Pierre Colombo. Oiseau-Lyre 50008. $4.98.	Cimarosa's double Flute Concerto, a Rococo rarity, spins out its ladylike charm in long, fluttery lines. Francesco Barsanti, one of those sound craftsmen in which the Baroque abounded, flourished in Great Britain during the Handel era, developing such arresting ideas as a *concertino* composed of two horns and drums, and of two oboes, trumpet and drum. Unfortunately he put these strange bedfellows to use in run-of-the-mill figures and constructions. Competent performances; adequate reproduction.
Grieg: Piano Concerto. Falla: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." Clifford Curzon, pianist, with conductors Enrique Jorda and Anatole Fistoulari. London LL 11397. $3.98.	Though always cleanly articulated, the Grieg concerto moves with a faintly ponderous gait that only serves to underscore its bombastic moments. Curzon fares better in the "Nights"; he strikes a happy medium between the flaccid impressionism of Ciccolini and the harsh exuberance of Rubinstein, his principal competitors. In both cases the solo-orchestra balances have been nicely adjusted, and over-all engineering is admirable.
Hindemith: Theme and Variations, "The Four Temperaments"; "Symphonic Metamorphoses." The composer conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL 9829. $3.98.	Definitive has always been the word for Hindemith's handling of his own music, and the Berlin Philharmonic proves a responsive, virtuoso collaborator. Though it enjoys top billing, "The Four Temperaments" contains a good deal less matter and less art than the "Metamorphoses," in which Hindemith performs some striking sleight-of-hand with half-forgotten themes by Carl Maria von Weber. Superior reproduction makes this disc doubly welcome.
Mahler: Symphony No. 6 ("Tragic"). Eduard Flipse leading the Rotterdam Philharmonic. Epic SC 6012 (2). $7.96.	For the second year in a row, Epic derives a major Mahler recording from Flipse's contributions to the Holland Festival. Here, as in the "Symphony of a Thousand," he deals with Mahler's tortured visions in a thoroughly matter-of-fact way. Now and then a mocking grimace flickers through the orchestra, but the grotesqueries of the score more often suggest eccentricity than irony. A spacious, but far from infallible recording.
Prokofiev: Classical Symphony; Suite from "Love for Three Oranges." Artur Rodzinski directing the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London. Westminster W-LAB 7017. $7.50.	The conductor pours so much explosive energy into the gentle little score that nary a shred of repose manages to cling to it; some of the agitato passages almost burst at the seams. The "Three Oranges" are more receptive to this sort of treatment. Rodzinski's clipped phrases and bold tempos give the score more life than it has yet had on recordings, and the reproduction is equally full-blooded.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2. Paul Kletzki conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35314. $4.98.	Kletzki's refined sense for the breath pauses and the specific gravity of this music give his recording a decided edge over previous editions. Sonority is kept subordinate to design; unlike Stokowski's technically superior version, this performance achieves sweep and grandiloquence without instrumental hedonism or hyperbole. The engineers have produced a clean sound that lacks resonance.
Sibelius: Symphonies No. 6 and 7. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35316. $4.98.	The undulating groundswell of the Sixth is persuasively set forth by Karajan, whose affinity for the Finn is already well established. The score's passion is never allowed to overstep its self-imposed boundaries; poise and buoyancy are constantly maintained. The needlepoint details of the Seventh are neatly integrated into the over-all fabric. Reproduction falls short of a spacious ideal, but musically these editions have no peer.
Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1. Ventsislav Yankoff, pianist, with the New Symphony Orchestra of London conducted by Rudolf Schwarz. Capitol P 18007. $3.98.	Yankoff, Bulgarian-born and Kempff-trained, advances some unusual ideas in the course of this performance, but the effort as a whole fails to come off. His little hesitations bespeak a certain soulfulness; a Slavic temperament is clearly in evidence. On the other hand, wherever power is called for the design tends to sag. Soul alone cannot move this massive and richly caparisoned charger—as Gilels has demonstrated, clouting it works best. Reasonably faithful reproduction. —Fred Grunfeld.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schumann on LP

Continued from page 37

not made in instalments. A memorable event, her final recital in Town Hall on February 16, 1951, was fortunately preserved on long-playing records. Part of the program was given over to a Schumann group including "Alte Laute," "Widmung," "O ihr Herren," "Ständchen," and "Wer Machte Dich so Krank?" An RCA Victor Collector's Issue (LCT 1108, $3.98) entitled "A Tribute to Lotte Lehmann" also contained some Schumann but is now deleted.

"Frauenliebe und Leben" (Op. 42): *1. Lotte Lehmann, Columbia ML 4788, $3.98; 2. Sena Jurinac, Westminster WL 5345, $5.95.* The Lehmann/Walter collaboration is nearly demolished completely by a disgraceful recording, even by pre-LP standards. However, it still remains admirable for lieder style.

"Liederkreis" (Op. 24): *Petre Munteanu, Westminster WN 18010, $4.98.*

"Liederkreis" (Op. 39): *1. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, RCA Victor LM 6036, $7.96; 2. Sena Jurinac, Westminster WL 5345, $5.95; 3. Suzanne Danco, London LS 590, $2.98.*

"Myrthen" (Op. 25): *Petre Munteanu, Westminster WN 18006, $4.98.*

Apart from complete song cycles, Schumann lieder are scanty in the LP catalogue. There are some exceptions, however. On an M-G-M disc (E 3055, $3.98) Herta Glaz devotes an entire side to some rarely heard songs including "Ich Wand're Nicht," "Der Soldatenbraut," "Melancholie," and others.

Tiana Lemnitz and Peter Ander interpret three unfamiliar Schumann duets on a Urania record (URLP 7047, $3.98) which holds other songs by Schumann and Schubert. Of the five volumes of lieder recorded by Heinrich Schlusnus on Decca, two contain a number of Schumann songs (DL 9623/4, $3.98 each). Gérard Souzay (London LL 940, $3.98) and Elizabeth Schwarzkopf (Angel 35023, $4.98) perform other Schumann lieder.

ORGAN

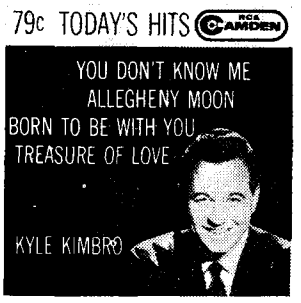
"Sketches for Organ" (Op. 58): *Canon in B Minor, Richard Elsasser, MGM E 3007, $3.98.* Schumann composed several pieces for the now obsolete pedal-piano. Today they are performed by either two-piano teams or organists. In this record première, Elsasser provides a good performance, well reproduced.

—Harold Lawrence.

Big Name Recordings at ½ the Big Name Price!

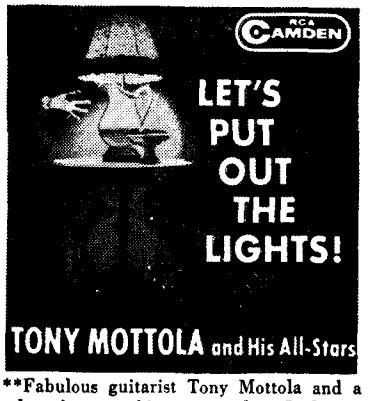
$1.98 *for each 12" Long Play* **79¢** *for each 45 EP*

Four top tunes from the great musical!—Standing On the Corner; Joey, Joey; Somebody, Somewhere; Don't Cry. Terrific orchestral arrangements in easy-to-listen-to style. 45 EP (CAE-375) **79¢



You Don't Know Me; Allegheny Moon; Born to Be with You; Treasure of Love. New face Kyle Kimbro, a singing star to be. 45 EP (CAE-333) **79¢

Perfect music for dancing or listening. 12 tunes, including 6 by Gershwin: Lady Be Good; Bidin' My Time; The Man I Love; Summertime; Embraceable You; Fascinatin' Rhythm! Long Play (CAL-307) **$1.98**



Fabulous guitarist Tony Mottola and a selected group of instrumentalists. Includes: Bidin' My Time; Where or When; How High the Moon; Let's Put Out the Lights and 8 others! Long Play (CAL-305) **$1.98

Rumba. Xavier Cugat and his Orch. play four great rumbas! 45 EP (CAE-344) **79¢**

That Latin Beat. Designed for dancing by Xavier Cugat Orch. 4-selection 45 EP (CAE-345) **79¢**

****All I Do Is Dream of You.** Mood music by Domenico Savino Orch. 12-selection Long Play (CAL-306) **$1.98**; 6-selection 45 EP (CAE-343) **79¢**

Favorite Spirituals. Sung by The Golden Gate Quartet. 12-selection Long Play (CAL-308) **$1.98**

see your nearest dealer!

***A "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity recording.*

RCA CAMDEN
A PRODUCT OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Nationally Advertised Prices—Optional

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 W. 45th St., New York 36

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ Three years.....$16
☐ Two years.....$12
☐ One year.....$7

(Add $1 per year for Canadian postage. $2 per year for other foreign).

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Zone.....State.....

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

7-28

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Magnificat in D Minor. Eileen McLoughlin, Heather Harper, sopranos; Alfred Deller, counter-tenor; Maurice Bevan, bass, with the St. Anthony Singers and the Kalmar Orchestra under Pierre Colombo. Oiseau-Lyre 50101. $4.98.	Very little is magnificent in this uneven and often bedraggled performance, which sounds as though it might have been made in several different stages and in two different halls. Most of the singers lack sufficient breath to complete their appointed rounds; the distinguished exception is Maurice Bevan, who sings "Quia fecit mihi magna" better than anyone else on discs. The orchestra bravely traverses a road paved only with intentions, and the reproduction is scarcely more professional.
"Bell, Drum and Cymbal." A Percussion demonstration by Saul Goodman. Angel 35269. $4.98.	As one of the country's foremost percussionists, and timpanist of the New York Philharmonic since 1926 (when he was not yet twenty), Goodman can discuss and display his art with complete authority. He shows off all the instruments in his arsenal from the glockenspiel to the xylophone —a bang here, a tap there, and a crash now and again. Brief bits of commentary lead from one to the other—these are slightly distracting at first hearing and thoroughly so the second time around. Goodman also provides multiple-track stunt pieces that involve everything but the kitchen sink. On the whole, absorbing material unimaginatively presented.
Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Quintet for Guitar and Strings (and solo guitar pieces). Andres Segovia and members of the Quintetto Chigiano. Decca DL 9832. $3.98.	The quintet that Castelnuovo-Tedesco wrote for Segovia six years ago has a Schubertian nonchalance about it that allows the guitar to mingle freely with its bowed relations. Segovia and his friends project the work warmly and intimately. On the second side, he offers studies and pieces by Hans Haug, Miguel Llobet, Scriabin and Villa-Lobos, splendidly interpreted and recorded.
Fauré: Requiem. Suzanne Danco, soprano, Gérard Souzay, baritone with the Tour de Peilz Chorale and Suisse Romande Orchestra under Ernest Ansermet. London LL 1394. $3.98.	The Fauré Requiem has had more than its share of good recordings, but the newest entry outranks the rest. Ansermet illustrates, in his subtle way, the value of Fauré's favorite maxims—"Make little noise but say much," and "Say it gently, but say it at any cost." The sense of what he conveys is both softspoken and outspoken—with every detail turned to musical advantage. Danco and Souzay are easily the most distinguished singers ever to record the work. All told, superb style, singing, sound.
Ives: Violin Sonatas No. 1-4. Porter: Violin Sonata No. 2. Rafael Druian, violin, and John Simms, piano. Mercury 50096 and 50097. Each $3.98.	In most of his violin music, Charles Ives shuttled back and forth between César Franck and the square-dance fiddlers; the artist who wants to master Ives must be prepared to slip into either manner at any moment. Druian handles these difficult transitions with the aplomb of a chameleon; thus the old hymn tunes and ragtime rhythms that Ives quotes so often never conflict with the long, chromatic lines in which Ives does his speculating. The Porter sonata is of minor interest. Suave playing, well reproduced and highly recommended to explorers.
Kodály: Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello. Reger: Sonata No. 2 for Unaccompanied Cello. Zara Nelsova, cellist. London LL 1252. $3.98.	The Reger suite essayed here is not identical with the one introduced to records by Emmanuel Feuermann; that was the first of the same set. The second sounds intrinsically less melodious and inventive, though Miss Nelsova uses every device at a virtuoso's command to enliven these rigorously cerebral pages. She meets the challenge of the difficult Kodály with equal warmth and technical resource, an effort that proves considerably more rewarding. Excellent engineering.
"Marches of France": Volume 1—Napoleon Bonaparte. Musique des Gardiens de la Paix, directed by Desiré Dondeyne. London International WBV 91101. $2.98.	During the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, French operatic invention came to a virtual standstill and the country's musical energies were diverted into military channels. The Bonapartist marches turn out to be curiously crude, completely devoid of the elegance and vitality that had marked the marches of composers like Philidor. Students of the Napoleonic era may be enlightened in this noisy little collection; otherwise only an ardent militarist could find much use for it.
"Music at the King's Chapel." Jean Giraudeau, tenor, Marcel Dupré, organist, and others. Westminster XWN 18167. $4.98.	Heard in this chronological sequence, two centuries of music *à la chapelle du roy* present a remarkable picture of the continuance of a tradition, for the styles flow smoothly one into the other without a startling break all the way from Henry Dumont de Thiers (1610-1664) to Esprit Blanchard (1696-1775). Two of the participants, the harpsichordist Gladys Casadesus and Marius Casadesus, leader of the "violes et violons," testify to the continuation of another, more recent musical tradition. Unhappily the tenor who bears the principal responsibility leaves much to be desired as regards style and pitch. The engineering is acceptable.
Orff: Catulli Carmina. Annelies Kupper, soprano, Richard Holm, tenor, with four pianos, percussion and the Bavarian Radio Chorus under Eugen Jochum. Decca DL 9824. $3.98.	The second part of Carl Orff's trilogy, "Trionfi" deals with the poetry and loves of Catullus, a Roman whose amatory experiences were, to say the least, interesting. To keep within the bounds of propriety and post-office regulations, some of the Latin verses on the record jacket have had to be left untranslated. Jagged, piston-stroke rhythms account for the novelty—as well as the monotony—of this work. Some of Orff's percussion and piano effects sound forceful enough, but Darius Milhaud used such ideas more strikingly in his Aeschylus trilogy of forty years ago. Able singing, conducting and reproduction.
Orff: Trionfo di Afrodite. Annelies Kupper and others with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus under Eugen Jochum. Decca DL 9826. $3.98.	The concluding section of the "Trionfi" tryptich draws on the Latin verses of Catullus and the Greek of Sappho and Euripides. Nothing in this sprawling, brawling marriage-rite would justify the annotator's flat assertion that Orff has "turned his back on the harmonic, rhythmic, and instrumental development of the last 500 years." Orff has certainly not turned his back on Stravinsky, Richard Strauss, and the German beer-cellar lied.
Reicha: Wind Quintets No. 2 and 9. The French Wind Quintet. Oiseau-Lyre 50019. $4.98.	Even if one were not aware that Reicha taught counterpoint for many years (to such distinguished pupils as Berlioz, Franck and Gounod), one would deduce some such background from these dry, pedantic little works. The players, a group of virtuosos headed by the flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, appear to be enjoying themselves. For specialists only.
Schubert: "Schwanengesang." Hans Hotter, baritone, and Gerald Moore, pianist. Angel 35219. $4.98.	Schubert's "Swan Song" is not a cycle, of course, but only a random collection of some of his last lieder. Hotter is superbly attuned to their individual meaning and nuance. In the "Ständchen" (Leise fliehen meine Lieder) he trembles with the ardor of anticipation; in "Der Atlas" he groans under the weight of the world; in "Der Doppelgänger" he seems masterfully haunted by a phantom double. As usual, Moore's contributions are an important asset. In every way this disc belongs in the front rank of lieder recordings. —FRED GRUNFELD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opera International

By PAUL HUME

A DUEL over his wife cost the life of Alexander Pushkin in 1837, just at the time when Michael Glinka was beginning to think seriously about writing his second opera, a work to be based on the poet's "Russlan and Ludmilla." During the next five years the composer, deeply involved in domestic problems that led to separation from his wife in 1841 and divorce in 1846, wrote the opera of which, up to now, we have known only the razzle-dazzle overture. The libretto, leaving almost nothing of Pushkin's poem intact, was sketched out in a quarter of an hour by a drunk friend of Glinka's, Bachturin. Most of the actual writing of the text was done in nightly rendezvous at the home of still another writer. No wonder it offers little literary interest.

The music, for years, has been said to be superior to that of Glinka's earlier success, "A Life for the Tsar." To these ears, it has no scene in it that matches the power of the closing act of the earlier opera, though its vocal writing is, for the most part, more lyrical. It is strongly reminiscent of the Italian school typified by Glinka's contemporary, Donizetti, whose music was at its height during the three years the Russian studied in Milan, Naples, Rome, and Bologna. This familiar style is mingled with the harmonic devices that, through the influence of Glinka, became dominant in the symphonic music of Russia. Westminster has now brought all this to records of excellent quality, the Leeds arrangement on tapes producing first-class results. The cast includes two remarkable tenors: Georgi Nelepp as the old magician, Finn—whose superbly long narrative is the sole Pushkin to remain unaltered in the entire text—and Sergei Lemeshev as Bayan. Elena Korneyeva's mezzo is sumptuous as Naina, a sorceress. Ivan Petrov's Russlan is sturdy if unsubtle, and Vera Firsova's Ludmilla has, to an uncomfortable degree, that tightness that marks so many Russian sopranos. Yet this defect does not seem unpleasant until the later scenes.

In case you listen to the opera hoping for some sign of the rushing theme that marks the familiar overture, it will not come until the final four minutes—a bit long to wait. When it arrives it underpins a virtuoso choral scene that is all too short. Still preferring "A Life for the Tsar," as do most audiences in Russia from reports, this "Russlan" has much that is engaging, and only shows its undue length from the middle of act three to the end. We can find no justification for feeling that its last act is notable. Westminster has provided superb notes, and a text in Russian, plus a transliteration into English alphabet, plus an English translation.

Twenty years later, almost to the day, that "Russlan" was first given in the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" was given its world premiere in the very same theatre. Its reception there was considerably more friendly than that given to "Russlan." Heard in this country four years before its initial Italian performance, "Forza" has remained a relatively frequent visitor to our opera theatres. Its American appearances have been associated with such notable names as Ponselle, Muzio, Bruno Walter, and most recently Renata Tebaldi. As is often the case in current releases of Italian operas, the new London set of the opera brings once more a consideration of the merits of Tebaldi with those of Maria Callas, the star attraction of Angel's recording. After living with both sets for some time, I must say I prefer the London set on almost every ground. Tebaldi is vocally and stylistically superb, if a shade less powerful dramatically than Callas. And in this opera, that quality is not notably absent. Del Monaco rings truer and more easily at the full here than Tucker, and his style, broad to the point of overdone melodrama, suits perfectly. Similarly I must rate Simionato above Nicolai, Bastianini considerably above Tagliabue, Siepi over Rossi-Lemeni, and Corena head and shoulders over Capecchi. What is left on Angel, whose "Forza" is by no means unimpressive, is the vastly superior Scala chorus, the constant interest Callas never fails to arouse, and the knowledge of Serafin. Conductor Molinari-Pradelli on London is, however, very satisfying in this last department. London also gives us a bit more of the score than Angel. I think it's worth it.

Donizetti's "La Favorita" has long ago dropped out of any favorite class, and we may mark up Toscanini's quoted remark, " 'La Favorita' is all beautiful" to that same uncharted source that led him to frequent performances of the music of Martucci. Not that "Favorita" does not offer us considerably more than that! Its famous arias, "Spirto gentil," and "Oh mio Fernando," remain masterly examples. But neither Angel's single disc of excerpts nor London's six-sided complete account offer us sufficient vocal splendor to keep things from remaining dull most of the time. Only Miss Simionato in the full-length recording has something of the regal manner in voice and style to show us what the opera might have been. Jerome Hines, a recent acquisition of London's, with whom much may well be done in the future, sounds all too clearly as if he had learned the part of Baldassare for the occasion, while Angel's young Paolo Washington (now what could his name have been at birth?) has less to offer. Angel's tenor, Dino Formichini, approaches the lyric manner needed, but Gianni Poggi cleaves the air for London with the subtlety of a well-aimed meat ax.

WE should remember that when Caruso sang this Fernando, he was in his young, lyric days. They were the same days that he sang Lionel in "Martha" also, a pair of roles each of the other tenors who sang in Metropolitan "Favoritas" shared (Messrs. Salignac and Cremonini). Lionel in Cetra's newish "Martha" is Ferruccio Tagliavini. It has been said that Signor T. should kneel nightly in thankful attitude before a microphone. By now this is all too true. The voice that once fell gratefully, at least from recordings, now labors in vain. But Cetra has found ways of making this German-French-Italian opera live a little. "French?" you ask. Yes, indeed. Or did you know that "M'appari" started life as an aria in an opera by Flotow entitled "L'Ame en Peine," or "The Soul in Pain"? Elena Rizzieri, a little yipping aside, and overlooking the fact that she just plain can't sing the coloratura writing of the part, does "Martha" neatly. The Nancy of Pia Tassinari, the Plunkett of Tagliabue, and the conducting of Molinari-Pradelli make this set useful, if less than sparkling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LENINGRAD IN VIENNA

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

VIENNA'S venerable *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* (Society of Friends of Music) whose arch-conservative subscribers consider every post-Brahms composer an atonal noisemaker and every orchestra inferior to the Wiener Philharmoniker, recently surprised itself and Vienna's music-lovers during the *Festwochen* with a Mozart Festival of considerable scope—even considering this year's abundance of Mozart festivals. The Society invited four orchestras of international repute to play the kind of music which they play best, and to make just a polite bow to Mozart. It was a great success, and long overdue in Vienna where too many experts and critics, cut off for years from musical life abroad, display a tendency toward provincialism and insularity. They are so convinced of the superiority of certain Viennese musical monuments—the Philharmoniker, the Staatsoper, the zitherplayer Toni Karas, the Saengerknaben, Irmgard Seefried and Wolfgang Schneiderhan, Eduard Strauss, to name only a few—that criticism of these institutions is considered heresy.

Now the Berliner Philharmoniker under Karajan, the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam under van Beinum, the Prague Philharmonic under Ančerl, and the Leningrad Philharmonic under Mrawinsky and Sanderling have performed a number of concerts at the beautiful, acoustically large hall of the Musikverein, and even the rabid musical isolationists admit that there are good orchestras beside the Vienna Philharmonic. A tournament of great orchestras necessarily leads to absurd comparisons, since orchestras are not ball clubs. It also creates mutual inspiration and seems a fine way of educating both audiences and orchestras. Each of the orchestras contributed something of its own: the Berlin Philharmonic displayed precision and a magnificent brass section; the Concertgebouw had dynamic force and a sense of tradition; the Prague musicians "made music," playing Dvořák and Smetana with their typical brio. But the greatest impact was made by the Leningrad Philharmonic. They played more beautifully than any other orchestra that performed here in the past years, including the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos and the Philadelphia under Ormandy.

After three concerts, it is certain that the Leningrad Philharmonic, said to be the outstanding orchestra in the Soviet Union, must be included on anybody's list of the world's great half-dozen orchestras. Everything is big about the Leningrad: size (eighteen first violins), tonal volume, and discipline. They march up on the stage from left and right with synchronized steps and the stiff faces of soldiers on the parade ground, and whole sections sit down at the same moment. This display of rigid discipline was particularly striking on the third evening, a few hours after a concert of the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter, when a cello-playing latecomer appeared just as Walter began Mozart's G Minor symphony.

Fortunately, the precision lost its rigidity the moment the Leningrad orchestra began to play. The exactness was flexible, never stiff. The orchestra is made up of first-rate musicians. The violin section seems to be composed of distant relatives of Messrs. Heifetz, Oistrakh, Milstein, Menuhin, and other great fiddlers, originating directly or indirectly from a rather small area in Southern Russia, and of Jewish ancestry. They played with a full, strong, sensuous tone and their bowing was incisive; even difficult staccato passages were performed as by one man. The strings generally have the force and brilliance of the best American orchestras but surpass them in emotional intensity. Despite the heavy pathos in Tchaikowsky's "Pathetique" the laws of good taste were never violated; if you must play the "Pathetique" at all, this was the way to play it. The second foundation of the orchestra is the brass section; metallic and soft at the same time, strong and muted, the perfect silver tone. In the final movements of Tchaikowsky's "Fifth" the horn players turn their instruments toward the ceiling; an effect which, oldtimers here remember, was much liked by Gustav Mahler. Even during the fortissimo sweeps there was a velvety sound about the brass. The woodwinds are slightly nasal (they play French instruments) and the tonal shades of both flutes and clarinets seemed somewhat limited compared to Western orchestras. The oboe players are first rate. The whole group has an astonishing ability for dynamic sweep and fine tonal nuances. The technique has become a matter of fact and at their best these musical thoroughbreds give the impression of performing under a sudden inspiration, although this impression has been created after hundreds of painstaking rehearsals.

THE Leningrad Philharmonic is conducted by Eugen Mrawinsky and by Kurt Sanderling. Mrawinsky, a blond tall man of elegant bearing, powerful gestures, and great concentration, has been with the orchestra for thirty years, a great educator. Kurt Sanderling, born in Germany and educated in Berlin, came to Leningrad in 1941. He impressed by his clear, precise beat and his sense of dynamics. The orchestra gives about ten concerts (with five different programs) every month in Leningrad, and a number of concerts in the Caucasus and Black Sea resorts during the summer months. They have a large orchestra and a somewhat smaller one which performs in Leningrad when the large ensemble is touring. (Leningrad also has two opera houses, each with its own orchestra.) There are subscriptions for ten different cycles. The programs are made up mostly of old and new Russian music, and of Western music. Bach, Brahms, Richard Strauss, and Bartók are as popular as the classics. Special concerts are given on anniversaries; this year they played six Mozart concerts and special Grieg, Sibelius and Schumann concerts. Strict discipline is the off-stage rule. In Vienna, the musicians were taken to and from the concert hall in buses. On concert days they were not permitted to drink beer and other alcoholic beverages, and did not attend receptions in their honor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Organs Alive and Dead

By DAVID HEBB

NOT long ago the Audio League, an independent testing-and-reporting organization which issues monthly bulletins to its members, staged a demonstration which would have made an audio engineer of ten years ago quake in his boots, a live versus recorded comparison of a first-rank American contemporary pipe organ. With the cooperation of a score of hard-working people, a suburban church and its organist, and an impressive array of microphones, amplifiers, tape recorders, and speakers, the fidelity of reproduction achieved was uncanny in its realism.

St. Mark's Church, in Mt. Kisco, New York, serves the spiritual needs of the Episcopalians in a well-to-do suburban community about thirty miles from New York City. It is a modest sized English-gothic stone building, with a chancel almost as large as the nave. Just off the chancel, on the congregation's right, is the major portion of a three-manual Aeolian-Skinner organ, with two separately enclosed swell divisions, and pedal and great divisions, both unenclosed. On the other side of the chancel, behind an arch visible to the nave, is a smaller section of the organ, the *positiv,* used for contrast and for accompanying purposes. The console is well up in the chancel, hiding the organist from those seated in the pews.

Richard W. Burden, a member of the church, is an audio engineer and an enthusiast. So is the church's regular organist, Edgar Hilliar. Together they had made some recordings of the St. Mark's organ, and were encouraged at the results. Discussions with Julian Hirsch and Gladden Houck of the Audio League led to the idea of a comparative recital featuring Hilliar's playing, both live and recorded. The clergy and parish authorities were approached and promised their support. Church members and audio enthusiasts from the community were invited. And the staff of the Audio League went to work.

They moved in Ampex and Magnecord tape recorders, Fisher and Fairchild amplifiers, Telefunken and Altec microphones, four Acoustic Research AR-1 speakers, a Bozak B-305, a Janszen electrostatic tweeter, and miles of connecting cable. By late afternoon microphones were placed, amplifiers and recorders connected.

Comparison performances of live and recorded music have been done before, and well. But generally the subject matter has been the piano, or a small chamber group. The organ is a far more difficult instrument to record successfully. Its dynamic range is tremendous, as is its tonal compass from low to high notes. It is, moreover, not all in one place. As everyone who has seen the interior of a pipe organ knows, the pipes stand up in rows like so many soldiers at inspection, and C# may be ten feet away from its companion C. Picking up such a diverse spread of sound sources is a major problem for the recording engineer, yet this very factor of tone spread helps give the pipe organ its character.

At the Mt. Kisco demonstration a device was set up to keep those in the audience in touch with what was happening at the moment; little electric lights indicated "Live," "Monaural," or "Binaural." When the program began, the lights failed to come on as expected. The failure was intentional, for at the end of the first selection the organist was introduced from where he stood at one side. Later in the recital Mr. Hilliar left the console while he was still apparently playing.

The recordings made for this demonstration were engineered quite differently from recordings made for outside reproduction. Since they were to be played back in the church building, with the benefit of the church acoustics, the microphones were placed close to the organ chamber to minimize reverbation. Played in the home, the tapes would have sounded dead and lacking in "auditorium liveness." But for the purpose they were virtually ideal. Competent listeners, with trained professional ears, were fooled into thinking that the live portions were recorded, and vice versa. The monaural recordings, comparable to what is available commercially for home reproduction, could be spotted as being played from tape because the illusion of the shifting source of sound was absent. The binaural recordings, on the other hand, made listeners turn their heads when the tone moved from one side of the chancel to the other.

Most important, the true tone of the organ was present in the recordings. The extreme low notes were felt, rather than heard, without any "loudspeaker" sound, and the high notes drifted out naturally, without giving the impression of being forced.

LIMITED EDITION!

High Fidelity

DEMONSTRATION RECORD

Fine Craftsmanship

For centuries England has been renowned for its quality workmanship in leather, linens and woolens. For many years now, since London Records' engineers developed true high-fidelity, **ffrr,** England has been the world's leader in the recording field. The unsurpassed artistry of **four great English orchestras,** as displayed in the album "Romance and Rhythm" symbolizes London Records' achievements in this field.

STANLEY BLACK: *Andalucia, Perfidia, Bewitched*

FRANK CHACKSFIELD: *Mean to Me, Santa Lucia, Mademoiselle de Paris*

ROBERT FARNON: *I'm a Dreamer, Two Little Girls in Blue, The Way You Look Tonight*

TED HEATH: *Manhattan, They Didn't Believe Me, Love is Here to Stay*

Even at our regular 12" price of $3.98 this long play record would be an exceptional value—so act now—this Limited Edition Demonstrator record is a low, low $1.98. If not available at your local dealer send check or money order to:

TRUE HIGH ffrr FIDELITY

LONDON® RECORDS

539-S, W. 25th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Year of the Transistor

EVERY year has its magic word—homogenized, chlorophyll, three D are some of those which have flourished in recent years—and 1956 may be remembered for "transistor." As explained by R. S. Lanier (*SR* June 16), the transistor is a lighter, more flexible innovation that does the work of the familiar vacuum tube in less space and with less drain on the power supply. Whatever the technical meaning of the term, it has now come into general currency and we might as well become accustomed to the name.

In fact, it is not difficult to become accustomed to anything which is smaller, more efficient, and lighter than a predecessor, particularly in this age of air travel when lead is worth its excess weight in gold. Those who like to tune in the foreign air of the countries they visit have, in recent years, had to forego that diversion for lack of a portable radio portable enough. But the new portable "transistor" varieties are another story.

Leaving New York recently for a trip, mostly by air, around Scandinavia and the Continent, I slipped into the pocket of the rain coat I was carrying a compact black-and-red Magnavox (it could have been a G.E., RCA, or Philco: my choice happened to be what it was). I knew it worked well in New York, for I had spent the hour before departure testing its response and selectivity. Both were good. Sixteen hours later I was unpacking in a Copenhagen hotel to the strains of "Deep Purple" from some unidentified station. I could have had a Beethoven trio or a mangled medley of Viennese operetta from one of three other stations it brought in, but "Deep Purple" was appropriately soothing after the long air trip.

The three stations—eventually identified as Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish—were the daytime quota. As even the scientifically illiterate know, radio dissemination and receptivity are stepped up greatly after dark. Radio Moscow with its honeyed English (of which more in a moment) was not merely available but inescapable at night, added to which were announcements in German of music in American, plus occasional incursions from other, more distant points.

Shifting to Norway, the results during daytime suddenly proved to be nil. Fearing that the raincoat and its contents had been banged around too much for the transistor's internal health, I brought the Magnavox—scarcely bigger than two packages of non-available cigarettes—into an efficient looking radio shop in downtown Oslo. A bright looking young man in white duster looked at the box with admiration, then explained: "Your radio is only for medium-wave length. Here our station is on long-wave. The mountains block off Sweden. But after dark it should work fine." Reassured I waited patiently till darkness fell (which, during June in Oslo, can practically be bedtime). But my expert knew his wavelengths: Radio Moscow appeared first, of course, soon balanced by the AFN (Armed Forces Network) station in Stuttgart. Luxuriating in choice, the dial spinner from America was once again in a happy confusion.

On at least two counts then—range and selectivity—the Magnavox AM-2 performed efficiently a task for which, in all probability, it was never intended. Add an impressive amount of ruggedness to its attributes (it gets the raincoat-pocket treatment quite regularly, and hasn't shown any ill-effects yet) and you have a variety of virtues which inspire respect as well as admiration.

What the ear-to-the-transistor man learns quickly enough is that anytime you stumble on a program in English the odds are prohibitive that it will eventually be followed by the words "This is Radio Moscow." It is always Radio Moscow in a bland, ostensibly non-propagandistic way, most often in the voices of a male and female team which are eminently familiar to those who pursue the short waves in America (at least on the East Coast). Music announcements, news reports, even "sports" are presented in the same easy-flowing English, devoid of Russian accent either in speech or slant. Only when they slip in a taping of a report from the South Pacific of the explosion of an H-bomb (picked up from our commercial wavelengths) is there an undertone of "What barbarians!" And then, it is a very casual, purposeful undertone.

The bothersome fact there, of course, is that to thousands of Europeans Radio Moscow is identified with English language broadcasts. I am not passing judgement on the work of the Voice of America or the efficiency of our shortwave broadcasts from the United States, nor is BBC involved: I am saying, merely, that in a common, very generally-used channel, Radio Moscow has a monolopy, virtually, of the listener attention when the language is English. Whenever I come back to Europe and pick up a few hours of AFN broadcasting, I have the feeling that the Armed Forces Network is the best American radio service known to me, providing the efficiency of a network operation with none of its commercial blandishments. (This is unquestionably a broad statement, but one based on ten years' experience.) However, it is set up to communicate with American forces abroad, not with traveling civilians or with Europeans. I suspect it could do both superbly, given the directive.

WHAT we are squandering, without question, is an American asset the Russians are not at all loath to spend to their own gain: the universal currency represented by our popular music and its appeal to the European ear. It is 10:30 P.M. as I write this, and the summer sun is still giving off a rosy glow behind the hills to the west of Oslo; the stations are beginning to come in on the Magnavox, and the first thing I hear is Irving Berlin's "Now It Can Be Told," warmly told by a clarinet and piano among other things. I cannot identify the station nor the voice that follows, but nothing could be less mistakeable than the clarinet of Benny Goodman or the piano of Teddy Wilson. Of one thing I am sure: the station that is sending it out has no American affiliation or sponsorship.

In one way, that is all right, for it argues that the stuff is so good that it gets into circulation through no active effort of our own. It is so good that the Soviets cannot deny it to their own people. But if it *is* so good we should make a considerably more active effort to derive our share of benefit from its popularity. Perhaps our short-wave broadcasts are giving the population of the USSR as much as they can absorb: why not let it flow over into the medium-length waveband, as the Russians do? It might induce some Scandinavians to keep their sets tuned to an American sender rather than to Radio Moscow.

What began as a discussion of means turns, rather inevitably, to a discussion of ends. The tiny transistor has made casual listening on a battery operated, truly portable radio thoroughly feasible in Europe: I don't doubt that in a year or so, a short-wave circuit will be added (with an antenna to be worn as a belt, perhaps) and the total efficiency substantially increased. But what the listener will hear will not often be just what he would like to hear, for reasons blameable to those who plan ends rather timidly rather than those who devise —incomparably well—means.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG" WITH FLAGSTAD

LONDON.

THIS is supposed to be the season when the gramophone traditionally occupies a back-seat. Festival fare beckons from every point of the compass and there are innumerable outdoor attractions—cricketing dramas between England and Australia with their Wagnerian timescale (*pace* Mr. Cardus), the deft counterpoint and rhythmic subtleties of Wimbledon's chamber music and the driving, *senza rubato* pulse of rowing at Henley Royal Regatta—to lure us from our turntables towards reality. For the record industry, however, a "summer recess" is a thing of the past; some companies, such as EMI, may forego new issues during July and August, but present rivalries demand constant attention to the battles that lie ahead: battles concerned with technical supremacy and the constant expansion of the LP repertoire.

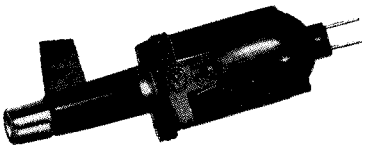
Take stereophonic recording. At the moment it may be likened to an iceberg. Above the water we have EMI's "stereosonic" tapes and the experimental, two-channel discs produced by A. R. Sugden and Co. (manufacturers of the splendid Connoisseur turntables) in association with Argo. The latter, demonstrated for the first time at the BSRA exhibition, show that it is possible to obtain fairly impressive, three-dimensional reproduction from a single groove containing both hill-and-dale and lateral modulations, traced by a single stylus. The submerged bulk of our iceberg corresponds to the vast amount of experimental work in this field which all the major firms have been carrying on behind more-or-less closed doors; the results have been said to point strongly in the direction of tape as the most satisfactory medium in the long run. Meanwhile, a large repertoire of binaural master recordings has been accumulated by such as Decca, Philips, Nixa, and, of course, EMI against the day when stereophonic sound becomes a reality.

Such considerations are not, however, likely to have had any bearing on a recording, just issued by Decca, which eclipses all current releases by its very size and importance. An integral "Ring" would appear to be beyond the scope of any single company nowadays, so we must be content with the gradual appearance on discs of the tetralogy, with but little prospect of artistic continuity. First we had the Furtwängler-dominated "Walküre," now a Flagstad-dominated "Götterdämmerung," and it is sad but true that, in their different ways, both fall short of the overall standard achieved at this summer's Covent Garden performances directed by Kempe. This "Götterdämmerung," which occupies six discs (five sides for Prologue and Act 1, three for Act 2 and four for Act 3), is of course the now celebrated Oslo broadcast of last winter, an all-Scandinavian performance for which Flagstad temporarily forsook retirement.

Laying aside a sentimental regard for the preservation of "special occasions" and an overwhelming desire on the part of countless Wagnerites to ensure that one of the great operatic assumptions of our time shall not be lost to posterity, it is only fair to say that, to those who—like this writer—had no opportunity of hearing the broadcast under anything like first-class reception conditions, the recording as such will probably seem disappointing. One would like to have heard Flagstad's Brünnhilde as a *primus inter pares,* surrounded by the finest of her colleagues and supported by orchestral playing and conducting worthy of the occasion. As things are, considerations of expediency as well as local patriotism have conspired to surround her with mediocrity and, as a result, we are far more likely to turn to earlier recordings—her duet with Melchior and her various Immolation Scenes—when attempting to convince our grandchildren that Wagnerian sopranos are not what they were.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

The first really new pickup in a decade...



The Fluxvalve

The only pickup with all the required features for the new era in record playing . . . a turnover cartridge with styli that can be replaced without the use of tools.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the *Fluxvalve . . . it's the cartridge made by perfectionists for perfectionists.*

"FOR THOSE WHO CAN HEAR THE DIFFERENCE"

PICKERING & CO., INC.
OCEANSIDE, NEW YORK
PIONEERS IN HI FIDELITY

PLAY A KUENG RECORDER

Finest Swiss Import

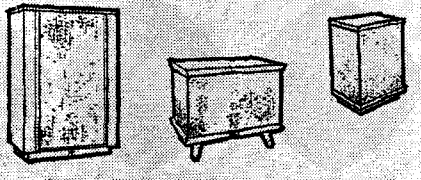
Made of the choicest Swiss pear, maple, cherry; also in boxwood, grenadilla, rosewood, olivewood. Each instrument carefully selected and tested. Model 1b Kueng Soprano & Method complete with bag and swab $7.25. Other Sopranos from $3.95 and altos from $12. Send for free catalog R-76.

HARGAIL MUSIC PRESS
130 WEST 56 St., N.Y.C. 19
In the City Center of Music Building
1318 Grant Ave., San Francisco 11, Calif.

ONLY
BOZAK *Quality Loudspeakers*
meet the Ultimate Test — SUSTAINED SATISFACTION

Even with the strains of a live concert lingering in your ears, Bozak Loudspeakers invite repeated encores at home. Each Bozak Speaker System offers, for its size,

The Very Best in Sound



The R. T. BOZAK SALES CO. • Box 966 • Darien • Conn.
Exports: Electronics Manufacturers' Export Co., Hicksville, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT LAST, *the* indispensable reference work for record collectors, complete in one 8" x 11", 440-page volume. It contains more than any comparable book, yet costs no more than one 12" record. **SAVES MONEY!** More than 15,000 record ratings, based on reviews from leading publications, warn you of inferior recordings . . . show you at a glance the best version of a particular selection. **SAVES TIME!** Every LP record is described in detail – contents, soloists, orchestra. You don't have to hear the records first – every fact is at your fingertips!

RECORD RATINGS

By KURTZ MYERS and RICHARD S. HILL

$5.95 at bookshops and record dealers, or order by mail from CROWN PUBLISHERS, *Dept. C23, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16. Save postage by remitting now. Refund in ten days if not delighted.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move it is necessary that the proper notification be made, at the earliest possible moment to SATURDAY REVIEW by letter, post card, or post office form No. 22S, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal-zone number if any. You should also notify your local post office on postal form No. 22. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably four weeks in advance.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Subscription Dept.

25 W. 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

THE AMEN CORNER

Watchman, What of the Jazz?

THIS is written before I have had news of the Newport Jazz Festival (see Mr. Balliett's report elsewhere in these pages), but I note that one of the topics up for discussion was "The Future of Jazz." I trust the Newport panel took full cognizance of the fact that the future of the arts is never settled in committee, but in the workrooms of extraordinary individuals. Nevertheless, it is always fun to try to guess which way the genius will jump, and that is what I propose to do here, using new jazz issues or reissues by way of reference.

What we chiefly prize today in early jazz is its vigor, its utterly uncerebral spontaneity, and the poignancy of its finest improvisers. By later standards it was frequently thin, raw, or clumsy, but at its best it had soul, and its best men were poets. Listen to the clarinet of Leon Rapollo with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings (Riverside RLP 12-102), or to young Louis Armstrong, trumpet, with King Oliver's band and The Red Onion Jazz Babies (Riverside RLP 12-101), or to old Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone, with trumpeter Jonah Jones and new friends they have made in France (Good Time Jazz L-12013).

The warmth, the heart of early jazz is to be found in some of the finest latter-day players and singers, such as the banjoist-vocalist Clancy Hayes, who gives us a wonderful program of such numbers as "I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None Of My Jelly Roll" and "The Devil's Ball," with Bob Scobey's Frisco Band (Good Time Jazz L-12009), and Claire Austin, whose mood is indicated by her title song, "When Your Lover Has Gone" (Contemporary C5002). This young singer will help you forget the many affected canaries who have been perching before the microphones in recent years: Miss Austin's forte is natural lyric eloquence.

But, of course, jazz has grown amazingly self-conscious during the past two decades. This was inevitable as the players grew more sophisticated. Nor do I see any great reason to bewail the inevitable—we can always pore over the treasures of the past on the phonograph. The teasing question of the moment is: where is the self-consciousness going?

I think it is safe to say that in certain directions it has already gone as far as it can go. I, for one, do not expect to hear any degree of technical brilliance more astonishing than the trumpet playing of Dizzy Gillespie in a fat collection of his work with both big and small bands (American Recording Society ARS G-405), in which, moreover, Dizzy's mastery is highly musical as well as technical. And in another session of slow and fast blues, Gillespie is joined by other improvisers of rococo elegance, including Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Oscar Peterson, piano; and Charlie Parker, alto sax (American Recording Society ARS G-404).

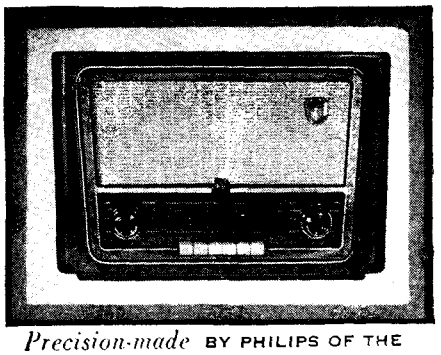
I will go further and say that, even if a greater technical excellence than we have here were possible, I could see little advantage in it. The unhappy fact seems to be that when a fine musical imagination develops a huge technique with which to express his ideas, he is apt to be carried away by a sheer enthusiasm for the elaborate—and very often at the expense of heartfelt musical utterance. This may also be inevitable; at any rate, something of the sort would seem to be happening all over jazz today.

I will cite four new albums by small combinations of some of the best young players: The John Eardley Seven, with trumpeter Eardley; Zoot Sims, tenor sax; Phil Woods, alto sax (Prestige LP 7033); The George Wal-

—Phil Stern.

Stan Getz—"remarkable improviser."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Precision-made BY PHILIPS OF THE NETHERLANDS **Norelco**

FM-AM Short Wave

TABLE MODEL RADIO

for only **$98.50**

An excellent instrument with these outstanding features: Marvelous tone quality • Built-in dipole for FM and Short Wave • Double tone control; continuous for high notes and two positions for low notes • Phono-jack for record player • Connection for extra speaker • Becomes a fine high-fidelity table model combination with the addition of a Philips automatic record changer (changer $69.50 additional) • Come in and ask for a demonstration or write for a free brochure.

450 MADISON AVE. AT 50TH ST., N. Y.
975 MADISON AVE. AT 76TH (Hotel Carlyle) N. Y.
795 MADISON AVENUE AT 67TH ST., N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

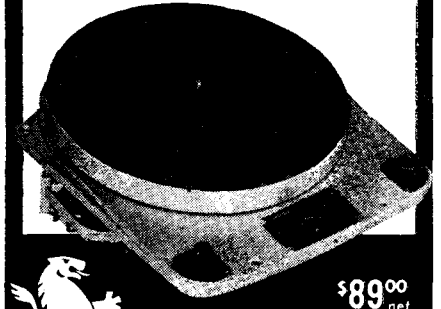
LIBERTY Music Shops

LIBERTY Music Shops

Now—in Transcription Turntables, it's

GARRARD

World's Finest



$89.00 net

The entirely new "301" vari-speed turntable

So carefully made . . . so expertly built that each machine comes with its own written test report, covering wow, rumble, performance.

Just announced . . . already recognized!

Write for the B.I.C. High Fidelity Plan Book . . . for full details and prices on all components of the British Industries Group.

Plan Book

Dept. GG-56

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORPORATION
Port Washington, New York

lington Quintet, with pianist Wallington; Phil Woods; Donald Byrd, trumpet (Prestige LP 7032); The Jackie McLean Quintet, with alto saxophonist McLean; Donald Byrd (Prestige LP 7035); and The Elmo Hope Quartet and Quintet, with pianist Hope; Frank Foster, tenor sax; Freeman Lee, trumpet (Prestige LP-7021).

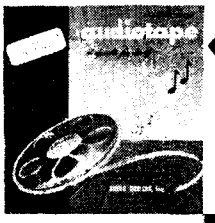
Every one of these albums is full of subtle musical interest, rewarding the most detailed attention. Furthermore, there is little or no smell of the lamp. The quality of the rococo is vigorous—the whorls and scrolls, the scallops and curlicues are brought off with great gusto and shine. The boys always fascinate me, usually stimulate me, and sometimes move me. But I am recurrently left with a sense of elaboration for elaboration's sake.

I think this is largely due to the limitations of the basic structure upon which they, and jazz musicians in general, work. In the early days of jazz the twelve, sixteen, and thirty-two-bar formats, the theme-and-variations formula, seemed sufficient. Indeed, we were constantly being surprised by the enormous variety possible within these limits. But by now the brilliant young jazz men have developed resources which seem to me to demand richer substructures. If highly florid invention is only natural to men of the modern jazz mind, it remains a fact that a long string of floridities, chorus after chorus, can get pretty cloying. The musical mind cries out, as it does in other forms of music, for more varied form.

One way to achieve this is to play choruses of different *character*. Is there any reason why a simple variation should not follow an elaborate one? There is not, and there are many felicities of character in a splendid new album by trumpeter Joe Newman with such side men as John Lewis, piano; Frank Foster, tenor; Freddie Green, guitar; and Osie Johnson, drums (Storyville STLP 905). Here the theme-and-variations formula is employed with unusual flexibility, and the players are plainly complementing rather than competing with each other. But the new virtuoso jazz generation will, it seems to me, inevitably demand forms reaching outside the theme-and-variations category. I suggest that the future of jazz may well lie with individuals who can write extended, developmental music, who can markedly increase in jazz the element known as musical architecture. As basically jazz men, they will of course regard this music as a vehicle for such remarkable improvisers as tenor saxophonist Stan Getz—who, by the way, still does beautifully with tested materials, especially a stunning "Flamingo" (American Recording Society G-407). —WILDER HOBSON.

NOW . . . a truly professional quality audiotape TRADE MARK

for EVERY sound recording need and EVERY recording budget!



PLASTIC-BASE AUDIOTAPE on 1½-mil cellulose acetate meets the most exacting requirements of the professional, educational and home recordist at minimum cost.

AUDIOTAPE ON 1½-MIL MYLAR* A premium-quality professional tape that provides the utmost in mechanical strength and immunity to temperature and humidity.

*Du Pont Trade Mark

LR AUDIOTAPE ON 1-MIL "MYLAR" 50% more recording time per reel. Strong, super-durable polyester film base assures trouble-free operation even under severe conditions of heat and humidity.

PLASTIC-BASE LR AUDIOTAPE on 1-mil cellulose acetate. 50% more recording time on low-cost 1-mil cellulose acetate base, affording maximum economy where high strength is not required.

SUPER-THIN AUDIOTAPE on ½-mil "Mylar". Twice as much recording time per reel as standard plastic-base tape. For applications where tape tension is not excessive.

THESE five types of Audiotape enable you to get the most faithful reproduction of the original sound, as well as the right recording time and the right tape cost for any application. Regardless of base material, there's only *one* Audiotape quality – the finest that can be produced. It now costs *no more* than ordinary tape.

For the complete story, *ask your Dealer for a copy of new Audiotape Bulletin No. 250. Or write to Audio Devices, Inc., Dept. S.*

AUDIO DEVICES, INC.
444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.
Offices in Hollywood • Chicago

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

HOFMANN SECONDED

In regard to Jan Holcman's decision (*SR* June 30) that Josef Hofmann "was undoubtedly the greatest pianist of our times" it is interesting to recall that Rachmaninoff in his autobiography also wrote that Hofmann "at his best" was the greatest living pianist.

Jacob H. Lowrey.

Augusta, Ga.

CHARGE FOR CHASINS

I have just reread for the third time Chasins's article on Chopin (*SR* May 26) and his criticism of the Istomin recordings. I thereupon replayed the discs for the umpteenth time and have come to a conclusion. If Chasins will get some new batteries for his hearing aid I'm sure he may yet become a splendid critic.

Tom Van Dycke.

Montfermeil, France.

MORE MILANOV?

I would like to know, along with her many other admirers, if RCA Victor plans to record in the near future any other complete operas with Zinka Milanov. I look forward especially to a "La Forza del Destino."

Walter Dainwood.

New York, N. Y.

"STATE FAIR" STATISTIC

Regarding Sillard Beatty's request for a film soundtrack recording of "State Fair" (*SR* May 26), Decca did put out an album of five songs from the picture, but so far as I know it is available only on 78-rpm records. The songs are sung by Dick Haymes, who was in the film, and include: "It Might as Well Be Spring," "That's for Me," "Isn't It Kinda Fun?," "All I Owe Ioway," "It's a Grand Night for Singing." The number of the album is DA-367.

It is doubtful that there is enough material to fill up more than one side of an LP record, which may have been the reason it was never transferred.

Stanley Green.

New York, N. Y.

WHERE AND WHY

1. Some years ago I listened through a BBC program a remarkable *suite de ballet*, "Corroboree." The composer was Australian and I think his name was John Anthill. Incidentally, *corroboree* is the name given to the ritual ceremonies of the Australian aborigines. The music for this ballet was very original and impressive and introduced some of the sounds and instruments used by the aborigines. If this music could be recorded in hi-fi the result would be superb. I hope some recording company would make a record of this fascinating folk material.

2. Excellent idea of London Records to start a series entitled "History in Marches." I do not know what are the projects for this series, but it must be remembered that there is a vast wealth of beautiful marches belonging to countries and periods such as Austro-Hungarian Empire, Imperial Germany, Tsarist Russia, Frederick the Great period, etc. Congratulations to London and other labels who at last have given importance to marches and military music.

3. What happens to certain labels? They really seem nonexistent. Such for instance, is the case of Viennola and Discus. I have written to the largest record shops in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, etc., but nobody handles them. Some of these records are listed on the catalogues, officially on sale, and not discontinued, but practically they are not on sale anywhere.

C. H. Busquets.

Seattle, Wash.

TRUNCATED HENRY

As I had long been awaiting the transfer of Walton's "Henry V" music to LP, you can imagine my gloom on finding that the disc which Victor has issued substantially eliminates the two peaks: the opening and the closing! The free hand in writing music "under credits" gave the composer his best opportunities there. If anything, Victor should have lengthened their LP, not cut it: there was an HMV 78 single of the "Death of Falstaff" scene which they might profitably have added. Here is one plea for an alternate *longer* LP album of the "Henry V" score. All in favor?

Peter Marchant.

Detroit, Mich.

HINDU HIT

Do you suppose RCA-Victor could be persuaded to re-lease the Uday Shan-Kar "Program of Hindu Music"? This was issued originally on 78-rpm sometime in the late 1930s, I believe. Nothing comparable to this performance has appeared on recent LP labels. A new issue of this recording would indeed be welcome.

L. Windreich.

San Francisco, Calif.

Editor's Note: *RCA-Victor's a&r department replies: "The market is so limited that chances for a re-issue appear very slim."*

FAMILIAR UNFAMILIAR

Regarding Kolodin's statement (*SR* June 30) that Irmgard Seefried (on Decca DL-9809) presents the "totally unfamiliar" song cycle "Dorfszenen," by Bela Bartók, it should be recalled that the artist sang it in New York's Town Hall three years ago with the greatest success. Professor Erik Werba, "a new name" to Kolodin, is Mme. Seefried's accompanist also, on Decca DL-7545 and DL-9743, besides being one of Vienna's leading pianists and musicologists.

Robert Breuer.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *Both remarks related to the phonographic literature.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 40¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering) $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue R76, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N.J.

WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER of Authentic Folk Music on Records. Write for free catalogue to: FOLKWAYS RECORDS, 117 West 46 St., NYC.

COMPREHENSIVE MONTHLY LISTS, including hundreds of unusual out-of-print and rare vocals, mailed on request. Collections bought. THE RECORD ALBUM, 208 West 80 St., NYC.

HI-FI SERVICE. The Audio Exchange Service Laboratory is responsible for the reliability of our used equipment. You may avail yourself of this expert equipment. THE AUDIO EXCHANGE, Dept. SR, 159-19 Hillside Ave., Jamaica 32, N. Y. Olympia 8-0445. Also, 367 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains. Phone: White Plains 8-3380. AUDIO EXCHANGE. EXCHANGES AUDIO.

RARE OPERATICS, red seal, European imports; free lists; Westhoff, 931 Geary, San Francisco.

HI-FI factory fresh, guaranteed LP records. Prerecorded tape, phonographs, music systems at big savings. SOUTHWEST RECORD DISCOUNT CLUB, 1108 Winbern, Houston, Texas.

CHADWICK RECORD CLUB offers huge savings on all brands of long playing records and accessories. Write for information and free catalogue. CHADWICK RECORD CORPORATION, 1123 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

VOCALS, Operatic, personality—"Wants" located —Free record lists—RECORD COLLECTORS SERVICE —2322 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida.

WHOLESALE! RECORDERS, TAPES. Radios. Phonographs. Catalogue! Towers, Box 155, Philadelphia 5.

RECORD DIVIDENDS for classical, jazz and popular long playing record buyers. Introductory offer: FREE $3.98 record of your choice . . . Select 3 records and pay for only 2 (add 25¢ postage and handling for each record). Choose the records you want from major and independent labels. RECORD DIVIDEND CLUB OF AMERICA, INC., 445 West 50 St., Dept. S, New York 19, N.Y.

EMMY BETTENDORF RECORDS WANTED. List titles, labels, condition, price desired. Thomas Lincoln, 127 Park Place, Bridgeport, Conn.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE–CROSTIC NO. 1166

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

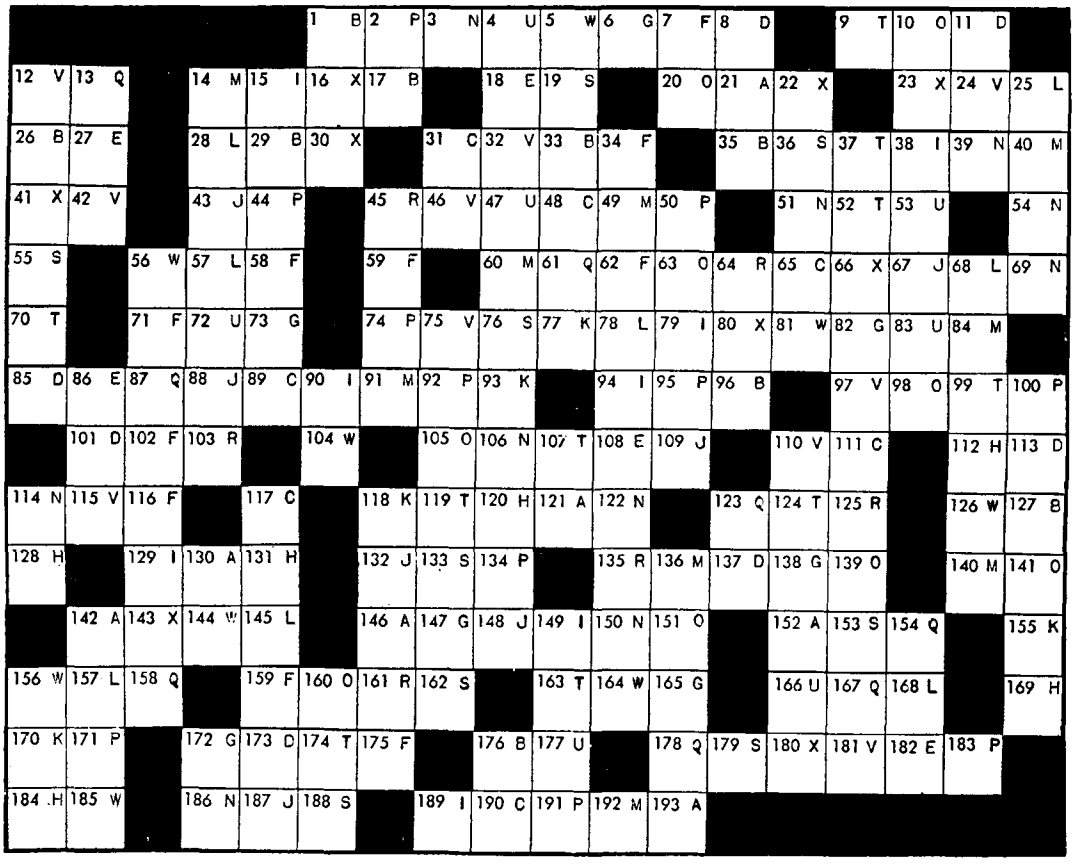
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by Word E, beginning Brutus' familiar words in *Julius Caesar* to the effect that "The time is NOW" (2 wds.).	146 21 142 193 121 130 152
B. Cephalalgia repeated.	17 96 127 1 176 35 29 26 33
C. An ingredient of the Scottish haggis.	111 89 190 31 65 117 48
D. Contemporary French painter, a leader among the Fauvists (born 1869).	11 113 8 137 85 101 173
E. See Word A (2 wds.).	18 182 86 27 108
F. Modern federation, 1922, of ancient groups in Burma (2 wds.).	62 116 71 175 58 159 59 34 102 7
G. Separate "sales" on the Stock Exchange of the same security recorded as a single transaction.	172 6 138 82 147 165 73
H. Alchemy.	112 169 128 131 120 184
I. Call out louder than everybody else.	189 149 90 94 129 79 15 38
J. A stopper or stoppage.	67 187 88 43 148 109 132
K. Tibetan religious painting used as a banner; fixed form of Jap. verse of five lines.	118 77 93 155 170
L. English poet who was physician to queen, 1761 (his name being descriptive!).	57 25 168 145 28 68 78 157

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A sticheron which has a rhythm and melody of its own rather than that of a hirmos (NOW you know—or DO you?).	140 60 91 136 14 192 84 49 40
N. Group of laborers who work after dark (2 wds.).	69 39 150 106 114 3 51 54 122 186
O. Closed without a gap (comp.).	63 10 139 151 105 20 160 98 141
P. One affected by deficient activity of a certain gland in the throat.	191 50 74 92 100 95 183 134 44 2 171
Q. Part of the White House used for offices and as entrance for official functions (2 wds.).	154 123 13 87 158 61 167 178
R. Bought and sold.	103 64 161 135 45 125
S. Harvard professor of botany, born in Brooklyn (1871-1939).	36 19 55 188 76 153 133 179 162
T. Illumination, or natural radiance, even after dark.	124 52 70 9 163 99 119 107 37 174
U. Two-headed drumsticks sometimes used in playing the bass drum.	4 83 53 47 166 72 177
V. Spotlessly clean.	24 97 46 75 115 32 181 12 110 42
W. Ecclesiastic unit of area as created under the Peel Acts in England of 1843, 1844, 1856 (2 wds.).	156 144 56 126 104 5 81 185 164
X. Limited to single possession or control.	22 80 16 23 41 66 180 143 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OPERA SOCIETY
Presents

LA TRAVIATA
★Opawsky, *soprano;* Larsen, *tenor;* Swift, *baritone;* Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic Orch.; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

FIGARO
★Opawsky, *soprano;* van der Graaf, *soprano;* Meyer, *mezzo-soprano;* Jongsma, *bass;* Driessen, *bass;* Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic Orch., Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

DIE FLEDERMAUS
★Graf, *soprano;* Heusser, *soprano;* Tuscher, *mezzo-soprano;* Bartsch, *tenor;* Kunz, *tenor;* Miller, *baritone;* Radio Zurich Orch. and Chorus; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

CARMEN
★Meyer, *mezzo-soprano;* van Beckum, *soprano;* Larsen, *tenor;* Holthaus, *baritone;* Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

CORONATION OF POPPEA
★Gaehwiller, *soprano;* Helbling, *mezzo-soprano;* Bruckner-Ruggeberg, *tenor;* Ott-Penetto, *contralto;* Kelch, *bass;* Zurich Tonhalle Orchesta and Chorus; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

The Barber of Seville
★★Meyer, *mezzo-soprano;* Duval, *mezzo-soprano;* Conrad, *tenor;* Gorin, *baritone;* Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Alexander Krannhals, *conductor.*

THE QUEEN OF SPADES
★Smolenskaya, *soprano;* Borisenko, *contralto;* Nelepp, *tenor;* Ivanov, *baritone;* Liseetzian, *baritone;* Chorus and Orch. of the Bolshoi Theater; A. Melik-Pashayev, *conductor.*

DON GIOVANNI
★★★Grob-Prandle, *soprano;* Konetzni, *soprano;* Heusser, *soprano;* Stabile, *baritone;* Pernersdorfer, *bass;* Handt, *tenor;* Chorus of the Vienna State Opera; Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Hans Swarowsky, *conductor.*

RIGOLETTO
★★Heusser, *soprano;* De Lorie, *contralto;* Conrad, *tenor;* Gorin, *baritone;* Smith, *bass;* Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

OBERON
★★Bauer, *soprano;* Fehringer, *tenor;* Titze, *baritone;* Chorus and Orchestra of the South German Radio; Hans Muller-Kray, *conductor.*

FAUST
★★Graf, *soprano;* van der Graaf, *soprano;* Larsen, *tenor;* Gorin, *baritone;* van de Ven, *baritone;* Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

BORIS GUDUNOFF
★★Maksekova, *mezzo-soprano;* Nelepp, *tenor;* Pirogov, *bass;* Mikhailav, *bass;* Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater; Nikolai Golovanov, *conductor.*

THE GYPSY BARON
★Graf, *soprano;* Heusser, *soprano;* Tuscher, *mezzo-soprano;* Kunz, *tenor;* Pistorious, *tenor;* Miller, *baritone;* Radio Zurich Orchestra and Chorus; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

MESSIAH
★★★Cole, *soprano;* Krap, *contralto;* Larsen, *tenor;* Hoekman, *bass;* Chorus and Orchestra of the Handel Society; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

THE PEARLFISHERS
★★Dobbs, *soprano;* Fery, *tenor;* Borthayre, *bass;* Paris Philharmonic Orch. and Chorus; Rene Leibowitz, *conductor.*

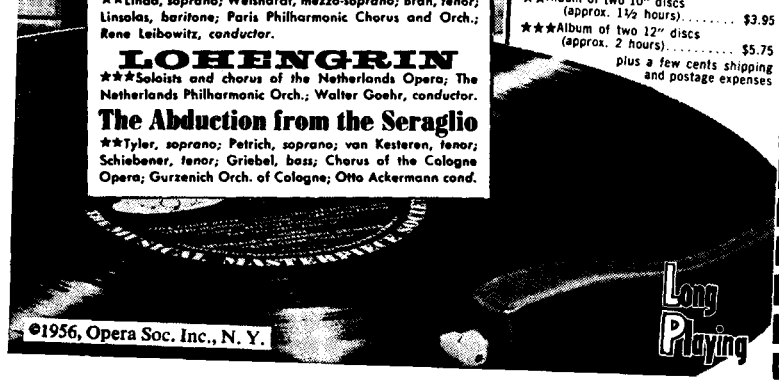
IL TROVATORE
★Opawsky, *soprano;* De Lorie, *contralto;* Larsen *tenor;* Swift, *baritone;* Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic Orch., Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

ORFEO AND EURIDICE
★Hellwig, *soprano;* Heusser, *soprano;* Handt, *tenor;* Poell, *bass;* Chorus and Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera; Hans Swarowsky, *conductor.*

LA BELLE HELENE
★★Linda, *soprano;* Weishardt, *mezzo-soprano;* Bran, *tenor;* Linsolas, *baritone;* Paris Philharmonic Chorus and Orch.; Rene Leibowitz, *conductor.*

LOHENGRIN
★★★Soloists and chorus of the Netherlands Opera; The Netherlands Philharmonic Orch.; Walter Goehr, *conductor.*

The Abduction from the Seraglio
★★Tyler, *soprano;* Petrich, *soprano;* van Kesteren, *tenor;* Schiebener, *tenor;* Griebel, *bass;* Chorus of the Cologne Opera; Gurzenich Orch. of Cologne; Otto Ackermann cond.



©1956, Opera Soc. Inc., N. Y.

Send in your "Free Ticket"
FOR THIS HIGH FIDELITY RECORDING OF GERSHWIN'S BELOVED OPERA
PORGY and BESS

CERTAINLY THE MOST GENEROUS OFFER YOU WILL EVER ENCOUNTER

Now while the bravos for George Gershwin's masterpiece are still echoing in the opera houses of Paris, The Hague, Rome and even Moscow . . . you may enjoy this star-studded recording of PORGY AND BESS—as a FREE GIFT.

Here is America's most famous folk opera . . . sensitively performed and recorded with the highest fidelity of tone. It's yours to keep—ABSOLUTELY FREE—with no obligation to buy anything *ever!*

Why We Make This Astounding Offer

We are confident that once you hear this high fidelity recording, especially "staged" for *home listening*—*you'll want other* Opera Society recordings for your own collection. Here are the world's most glorious operas specially *integrated* and *planned* for record listening . . . in concert productions up to *two full hours in length* . . . recorded with *full* tonal fidelity from 50 to 15,000 cycles. Each opera comes with interesting program notes and libretto included. You collect a rich musical heritage to be enjoyed for years to come.

Club Membership: Your Gateway to Huge Savings

As a member of the Opera Society, you have the unprecedented opportunity to select for your audition—any *or all* of the superb operas listed at the left—FREE—in your own home! You need not buy any records unless you wish. *Only those which you select* will be sent to you *on approval* at the rate of about one a month—with absolutely *no expense* to you.

For those you decide to keep, you pay only the low membership price indicated at the left—*saving nearly 50% of the usual retail cost* of recordings of equal quality. Remember, you may return any record without owing us one cent. And even if you never buy any Opera Society recordings, your FREE GIFT of PORGY AND BESS is yours to keep *without obligation!*

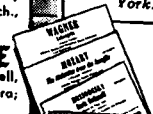
Just complete the coupon below by crossing out those operas you already own, or do not wish to audition, and mail it back to us. But memberships are limited: so do it today!

INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED

"The recording is of such perfection it seems to bring the artists into your living room." — *Glorious Sounds, Amsterdam, Holland.*

"The discs can be recommended without reservation to record lovers." —*The Action, Zurich, Switzerland.*

"Excellent series of records." — *Saturday Review, New York.*



COMPLETE LIBRETTO OF THE RECORDING WITH EACH OPERA

Special Membership Prices

★One 12″ disc (approx. 1 hour)..... $2.95
★★Album of two 10″ discs (approx. 1½ hours)..... $3.95
★★★Album of two 12″ discs (approx. 2 hours)..... $5.75

plus a few cents shipping and postage expenses

THE OPERA SOCIETY 98794562 **FREE OPERA PERFORMANCE OF PORGY and BESS** CENTER BOX 3

Send this FREE TICKET NOW!

THE OPERA SOCIETY, Dept. SR-7 45 Columbus Avenue, New York 23, N. Y.

Send me my FREE GIFT 33⅓ RPM recording of PORGY AND BESS and enroll me as a Trial Member. I have crossed out below those operas I already own, or do not wish to audition. The others will be sent for a *free 5-day trial* at the rate of about one a month. I will be billed *only* for those I decide to *keep* at the low membership price indicated at the left. I need never buy any records from the Society. I may return any recording *after* listening to it, and pay nothing. I may cancel my Trial Membership at *any time.* I enclose 25¢ to help cover shipping of my FREE GIFT.

Cross out only those you do NOT want to audition:

1. VERDI: La Traviata
2. MOZART: Marriage of Figaro
3. STRAUSS: Die Fledermaus
4. BIZET: Carmen
5. MONTEVERDI: The Coronation of Poppea
6. ROSSINI: Barber of Seville
7. TCHAIKOVSKY Queen of Spades (Pique Dame)
8. MOZART: Don Giovanni
9. VERDI: Rigoletto
10. WEBER: Oberon
11. GOUNOD: Faust
12. STRAUSS: The Gypsy Baron
13. MUSSORGSKY Boris Godounov
14. HANDEL: Messiah
15. BIZET: The Pearlfishers
16. VERDI: Il Trovatore
17. MOZART: The Abduction from the Seraglio
18. HAYDN: Orfeo and Euridice
19. OFFENBACH: La Belle Helene
20. WAGNER: Lohengrin

The records are not listed in order of release

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

CANADA: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED